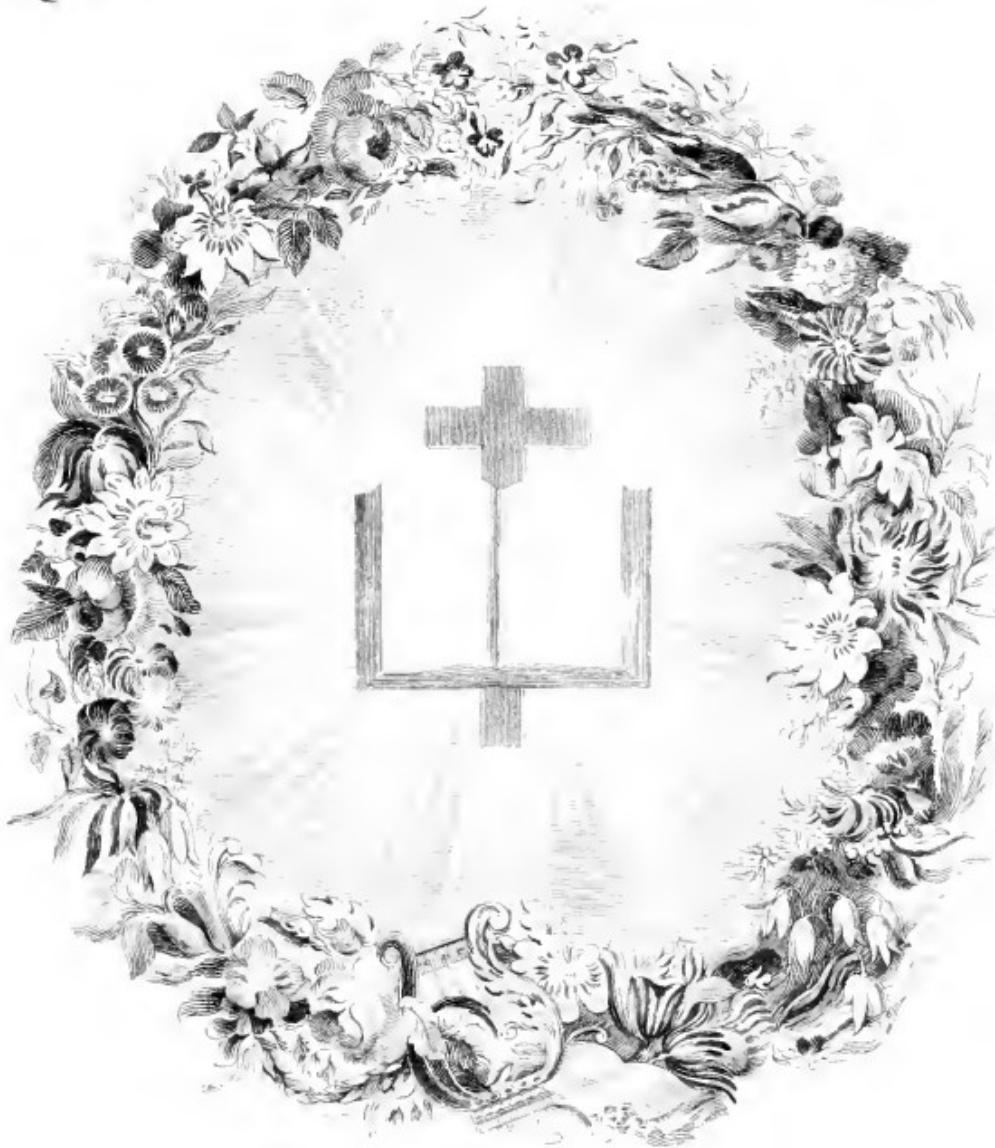








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BALTIMORE J. S. HORTON.



SCRIPTURAL ANTHOLOGY;

OR,

BIBLICAL ILLUSTRATIONS:

DESIGNED AS

A Present for all Seasons.

BY NATHAN C. BROOKS, A. M.

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office of the District of Maryland.

TO THE

REVEREND JOHN M. DUNCAN,

THIS VOLUME

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH the articles, generally, in the **SCRIPTURAL ANTHOLOGY**, have appeared in two of the most respectable periodicals of the day, the *Religious Souvenir* and *Lady's Book*, their length has prevented their being extensively copied, and consequently, they are comparatively little known, except to the readers of the above-mentioned publications.

Impressed with the belief that a work blending exalted sentiment and devotional fervour with the enchantments of poetry will be acceptable to the Christian community, we offer them, as a suitable PRESENT, the Scriptural Anthology, in a dress, in some degree worthy of the merits of the author, and of the object for which the work is intended.

In the paraphrase upon the different sub-

PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

jects, a departure from the spirit of the sacred text will rarely be found, except in the “*Passage of the Red Sea*” and “*Moses*;” in the former of which, for the purpose of amplification, and in the latter, for greater poetic effect, the author appears to have followed Josephus.

While we must claim for him a high degree of poetic excellence, we would by no means insist that our author's productions will be found superior to criticism, as they are merely the *relaxation* of a scholar, while laboriously engaged as superintendent of one of our largest and most respectable literary institutions.

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SCRIPTURAL ANTHOLOGY.

A R G U M E N T .

CHRESTOGITON, a Cyprian, who had rendered signal service to his native island, and risen to the Archonship, is deposed by **MELACOMAS**, a rival, and sent into banishment. Preferring death to exile, he returns to Cyprus; and, meeting with **APPIANUS**, a Roman, and his daughter, two Christians, who had fled from persecution at Antioch, he falls in love with the maid and embraces her religion. **MELACOMAS**, struck with the beauty of the young Roman, makes love to her, and being repulsed, dooms her and her father and **CHRESTOGITON** to death, by wild beasts in the amphitheatre. **CHRESTOGITON** preaches the Christian religion to the Cyprians, and slays the lion which is let into the arena. Triumph of the Christian faith.

BOWER OF PAPHOS.

Now they which were scattered abroad upon the persecution that arose about Stephen, travelled as far as Phenice, *Cyprus*, and Antioch, preaching the word.

ACTS CH. XI. V. 19.

Χειλεα δε δροσοεντα και ή μελίφυρτος ἔκεινη

Ηθεος αρμονιη κεστος ἐφν Παφιης.

Τούτοις πασιν εγω καταδαμναμαι ομμασι μούνοις

Θελγοματ οις ελπις μειλιχος ενδιαει.

P. SILENTIARIUS.

THE day-god, off Drepanum's height,
Still lingered o'er the happy isle ;
And Paphos' gilded domes grew bright
Beneath his last and loveliest smile :
Bright came the opalled sunbeams down
Upon each mountain's golden crown,
Tinting the foliage of the trees—
The purple billows of the ocean,
Swept by the pennons of the breeze,
Were curling with a gentle motion,

As if, in sunny smiles, their waves
Were welcoming to Tithonus' bed
Far down amid the coral caves—
The weary god; while round his head
The crimson curtains of the west
Were drawn, as down the watery steep,
His flashing car descended deep,
Amid the golden sands to rest.

How throbs the pulse of those who roam—
How glows the breast with rapture, burning
With thoughts of kindred and of home,
When to that sacred spot returning!
Although the exile's foot may tread
The flowery soil of fairest isles
That dimple ocean's cheek with smiles;
And stainless skies gleam o'er his head:
His native land—though icebergs frown
In one eternal winter, down
Upon its cold and barren shore,
Or though the red volcano's tide,
In waves of death, its plains sweep o'er,
Is fairer than all earth beside.

Once more on Cyprus' sunny strand
The exiled Chrestogiton stood,
And hailed his own, his happy land,—
 The blooming Eden of the flood,
The fertile land of fruits and flowers
 Where everlasting summer strayed,
Chasing the rosy-winged hours ;
And 'mid her own sweet myrtle bowers,
 Young Love, with flowing girdle, strayed.

The floodtide of a bosom, swelling
 With Nature's tender sympathies,
Was gushing from their holy dwelling ;
 And all his soul was in his eyes,
As rose, on his enraptured view,
 The azure summits of the hills,
With the bright wealth of pearly rills
 Leaping from their elm-clouded side,
Like moonbeams, from Heaven's urn of blue,
 Poured on the ocean's flashing tide.
The beauty of the palmy shore,
With pavement of the rosiest shell.

The grandeur of her sea, whose roar
Brought music on its waters' swell—
Her blue-eyed maids, with golden hair,
Streaming, like sunlight, on the air ;
Her temple and the mighty fanes,
In honour of the ocean-born,
And all those early joys and ties
Shrined in the heart's deep memories,
Came o'er his soul like breath of morn ;—
And in the beauty of those plains
That e'en the gods had deigned to bless
With presence of their holiness,
He, all his burning wrongs forgot—
That far from this delightful spot
By his ungrateful country driven,
Like the spurned sea-weed upwards cast
By its inconstant element,
The sport of every wind of heaven,
He had his cheerless youth's prime past
In cold and withering banishment.
While he, his hated rival, swayed,
In all the pomp of power arrayed,

The Archon's sceptre, o'er a clime
By treachery won, maintained by crime.
Yes; in that holy hour, when Heaven
Mingled in unison with earth,
His country's wrongs were all forgiven;—
'Twas still the land that gave him birth,
And though his hopes of fame were blown
Away by faction's noisy breath,
And though the Archon's helmet shone
On Melacomas' tyrant head,
He felt, in his own isle, e'en death,
With all its darkness—all its dread,
Was better than to tread alone—
A wanderer under alien skies—
A foreign solitude unknown,
And void of beauty to his eyes.

The rays his parting axle sent,
As sunk the sun beneath the sea,
Had blended with the firmament,
And from her azure-coloured throne,
Beaming in mild tranquillity,
The star of Love in beauty shone

O'er Love's own happy isle. The breeze
Shook odours from its dewy wings,
Gathered from date and myrtle trees;
And music from a thousand strings
Of soft-toned lutes went to the skies,
Perfumed with smoking sacrifice
From earth's most precious offerings.
The maids of Paphos, all were there
With lovers, at the altars praying,
Or else in grottoes' dim recesses,
With waxen fingers gently playing
With their luxuriant silken tresses—
Or through the spicy boughs were straying,
In snowy robes, like sprites of air;
And with the host of votaries
Gathered beneath the holy skies,
And with the burning altars' glare
Of frankincense, seemed the whole grove
A temple and a dream of love.
As Chrestogiton strayed among
The beauties of that holy place,
Where nature's lavish hand had flung
Her gorgeous gifts, as if to trace

An image of Elysium there,
One of the gayest, richest bowers,
That ever spread its painted flowers
To the soft-wooing summer air,
Broke on his vision—with a maid
Enshrined within its sweets, and fair
As snow-flakes in mount Athos' shade.

The lustre of her sloe-like eyes,
Darting from out their fringe of jet—
Her dimpled cheeks' vermillion dyes
Where lilies had with roses met—
The ebon darkness of the curls
Parted her virgin forehead o'er,
Bound by a snowy bandelet—
Proved her not one of Paphos' girls :
With the bright drapery of her train
Gleaming upon the moonlit shore,
She looked like Venus from the main,
When, rolling in her car of foam,
She came from her young crystal home.
Within that bower, of green turf made

An altar rose, with flowrets strown
Upon its velvet shrine, whence came
From glimmering taper-lights a flame,
And on the glowing features shone
Of her who meekly knelt and prayed,
As o'er a rude-formed cross she bent
Her weeping eyes, in which were blent
Loye, hope and holy wonderment.

The bulbul in his wonted shade,
When her meek voice arose in prayer,
Like holy incense on the air,
List'ning, forgot his serenade,
Though his chaste rose did then unveil
Her breast before him, and each stem
Inclined its flowery diadem,
To hearken to his amorous tale.

The very boughs forbore to stir,
Enraptured by the accents sweet—
And the loud waves the tide awoke,
Hushed into silent reverence, broke
In gentle ripples at the feet

Of the adoring worshipper.
 And who is she—that starry one,
 With ebon hair and streaming eyes ?
 From what calm region of the sun,
 Basking all pure 'neath cloudless skies ?
 And who is he that 's bending low
 In prayer beside her, whose breast cover
 The ringlets of his locks of snow ?
 It is not—cannot be a lover ?
 Why these strange rites in Love's own bower,
 When other breasts feel all Love's power ?
 Who is the maid ? What foreign tone
 Utters the language of his isle ?
 What strange—what sacred mystery
 That thus the soul from earth doth wile,
 Within that rude-formed cross can lie ?
 Who the strange God ?—to whom alone
 They pray, whose everlasting throne
 Stood fixed in uncreated light,
 Ere the day's flashing orb of gold
 Came from the womb of Chaos' night :—
 The God omnipotent, who rolled

The chariots of the crystal spheres
To circle round their course of years ;
 Made the green earth, at his command,
Arise with all its mounts sublime,
 And from the hollow of his hand,
Poured out the immeasurable sea,
And bade its waves' eternal chime
 Hymn his own vast immensity ?

Oh ! purer far than sunbeams stealing
 Into a dark, sea-hidden mine ;
Its buried treasury revealing,
 Where gold and pearls and jewels shine,
Is the first dawning of those beams,
 That truth and faith from heaven reflect
Upon the darkened intellect
Obscured by clouds and pagan dreams !
 The earth-clogged soul, that dimly burned
With an uncertain, flickering ray,
 As lights in sepulchres inurned,
Shut from the genial air of day,

Like the wrapt Phenix, fans the fires
Of faith, and in the flames expires.

As Appianus' holy tongue
Dwelt on the nature of the soul,—
Its earthly fall—its destiny
Eternal in the starry sky,
The wondering Chrestogiton hung
Upon his lips, while sunbeams stole,
In feeble light, across his mind,
Where broken images of thought
Lay—truth and error undefined ;
And as the hoary patriarch sought
The knowledge of the God to give—
Omnipotent—boundless—unconfined—
In whom all creatures move and live,
The heathen inspiration caught
From the pure fervour of his breast,
And casting all the gods away,
Panders of sinful lust and crime,
Deities but of yesterday,
For him existing from all time ;
The one true deity confessed,

And poured the penitential flood,
Kneeling devoutly at the cross
Of him who shed his sacred blood ;
While on the soul's warm altar came
From Heaven the consecrated flame,
Consuming all its earthly dross !

Commingled with the sacred ties
That link to purity his mind,
The image of Florentia lies,
'Mid thoughts of God and Heaven, enshrined ;
But yet the softness o'er him stealing,
As Appianus' matchless child,
With sunny brow and aspect mild,
Raises to him her modest eyes,
Has nothing of that sensual feeling,
That guilty bosoms feel below,
But is a glow of tenderness
Such as an angel's breast might know,
For those of deeper holiness.

Their's is a dream of Love and Heaven,
Pure as the sleeping thoughts that speak,
In smiles, upon an infant's cheek,
A unison of soul, where even
All thoughts and feelings that arise,
Are mirrored in the other's eyes;
And many an eve, as day declines
Upon the mountains of the west,
Brightening the amber-coloured vines,
That on their emerald bosoms rest;
And many a stilly night, when stars,
Like gay sultanas of the skies,
Glide o'er the vault in living cars,
Seated beneath the canopies
Of rosy bowers, they pour the tone
Of prayer to the eternal throne
Of the great God of heaven and earth,
While, all around, on heathen shrines,
The offering of pollution shines,
And the loud revelry of mirth,
And lewdness and unholy prayer,
Like pestilence, rise upon the air.

And many are the crowds that come
And gather round the Christians' bower,
To hear their supplication, some
And the strange god's vast love and power ;
But more to gaze upon the maid,
In whom far lovelier charms had met
Than ever blessed their vision yet,
In beauties gorgeously arrayed ;
And listen to her silver voice,
As on the air, in praise, it floats,
Pure as a seraph's hallowed notes—
Bidding the broken heart rejoice.
As oft she turned to heaven her eye,
Her breast with pious rapture swelling;
And gazed upon the jewelled sky,
Her spirit's home, and future dwelling,
Etherealized in look and frame,
Heaven in her aspect, she became
The star of their idolatry,
Some new created goddess, bright
In her primeval purity,
Descended from the realms of light.

At length came one with brow of pride,
And lordly step pre-eminent,
And at the wondering Christian's side,
In humble supplication bent.

Why flash the maiden's eyes with ire,
Like globes of jet in liquid fire ?

Why mounts the warm blood to her brow ?
Why stream the blushes o'er her cheek,
Lighting, with their indignant glow,
Features so mildly soft and meek ?

What curls that placid lip with scorn
Red as the blushing rose of morn ?

'Tis the quick gush, with lightning fraught,
Insulted virtue's countenance,
Shielding by its electric glance,
From lewdness and unholy thought—
And he arose—wrath in that eye
Where softened down, the fires of love
Shone in the mildness of the dove;
And wrath upon that adder tongue,
On which persuasion's witchery,
In passion's tender accents hung ;

And frowningly, away he strode
Muttering dark threats of chains and blood.
Woe to thee, maid! Thou art doomed, this hour,
To the Archon's hate, and the Archon's power."

* * * * *

The lingering blush—the latest ray
Has faded on the cheek of day;
Amid the myrtle boughs, the dove
Has folded her soft wing to rest—
And the pure stars, those lamps divine
That light the regions of the blest,
In their blue vault all glorious shine—
And the resplendent star of love
More brilliantly than all the rest.
It is the hour of love alone,
So silent and so soft. The calm,
Pure air is redolent with balm—
And o'er the blissful region night
Is bending from her starry throne,
To witness and impart delight.
Where are the blooming maids whom Love
Assembles, nightly, in the grove,

To people her rose-scented bowers ?
Where are the groups of votaries
That strew, in pious sacrifice,
The altars o'er with fruits and flowers ?

The amphitheatre is bright
With the resplendent rays that come
From many a lamp of starry light,
Depending from its fretted dome ;
And on its crimson seats recline
All Paphos' sons and daughters fair,
Braided the tresses of their hair,
With the sweet myrtle-tree and vine,
In one vast circle gathered there.

What is the expected sight that binds,
Amid that crowd-encumbered place,
Each voiceless lip, as in a trance,
Engrossing their attentive minds,
And fixing every anxious glance
On the arena's empty space ?

A trumpet sounded, and the breath
In every listener's breast was hushed,
As if it were a blast of death,
By which each power and sense were crushed:
As upwards rolled the tapestry
Forth came three Christians, doomed to pour,
Victims beneath a lion's feet,
Their life blood, the arena o'er—
A punishment both just and meet
For those whose daring blasphemy
Would the great deity revile
Presiding o'er the happy isle.

Florentia, in all meekness, bent
Her head upon her lily hand,
And silencing the thoughts that rose,
Of her far distant father land,
Where the majestic Tiber flows,
To heaven her aspiration sent
For resignation and for grace
To stay her soul in its distress—
Her father's and her lover's too,

Whose piety and tenderness,
Pure as the morning's early dew,
Held in her heart a brother's place.

Few were the words the old man spoke,
As o'er his prostrate child he stood,
Like, in the forest solitude,
Sheltering its vine, the parent oak
From the mad tempest of the north ;
But Chrestogiton's accents broke,
Like inspiration wildly forth :

“ Paphians ! It is not long since here,
E'en in this amphitheatre,
In which I now a *victim* stand,
Your myriad tongues in joyful cry
Hailed me the *conqueror* whose brand
Had lit the path of victory,
And freed from tyranny your land ;
Then all the eyes that now look down
In anger, and the brows that frown

So awfully, with smiles were bright ;
And every feature wore delight,
As pressed my head the laurel crown.

My powers e'en from my early youth
Were always to my country given ;

In warm devotedness and truth
I ever in her cause have striven,
And laboured for the common good—
What have I reaped for all my pains

But heartless—base ingratitude ?
You bound the very limbs with chains
That, on your reeking battle plains,
Poured the red tribute of their veins ;

And hurried *him* far from your land,
To wither in a foreign grave,

Upon a wild sea-beaten strand,
Whose valour did your country save—

And to the man whose perjury
Had blackened all my spotless fame,
And stamped my name with infamy,
His country's blighting curse and shame—
Yes ! to the wretch, whose love of sway

Would make his murdered father's neck,
To mount to power, a stepping stone,
Gave every good I called my own—
Fields, power, patrician wealth a prey—
The crafty spoiler's name to deck.

Smile in thy conscious villainy,
Thou demon of the evil eye !
In bitterness of vengeance smile !
With heart far blacker than thy beard,
Thou, Melacomas ! roam'st this isle,
Glutting thy murd'rous eyes with blood,
Than whom no deadlier monster reared
His bristly crest amid the wood.
What hast thou made this happy clime,
The loveliest spot beneath the sun ?
A theatre of lust and crime,
Where all unholy deeds are done.
I can forgive the private wrong,
The ills that I have suffered long,
My chains and exile pardon all ;
But cannot bear to look upon

The shackles of my country's thrall,
Her degradation and her fall.

Thy virtues are a robe of sin,
Assumed to hide the crimes within ;

False is thy feigned piety,
E'en as the rosy-coloured flush,
That lights the deadly simoom's blush,
A pestilence of blasphemy,
Strewing thy darksome way with death.
When the foul poison of thy breath,

In all its witchery of art,
With guilty lust and heathen rites
Could not corrupt this maiden's heart,
Who bows her face with tears besprent
Like a wet rose by tempest bent,—

Denied thy sensual delights ;
And for thy utter baseness spurned,
In all the pungency of ire
Thy breast with flame of vengeance burned ;
And thou didst doom the maid to die
For her unholy blasphemy ;

And 'gainst her hoary-headed sire
And me, pronounced the same decree,
Gilding thy turpitude and shame
And murder, with religion's name ;
As if through *thee*, the gods had sent
The delegated punishment.

Who, Paphians ! are the deities
To whom your thousand altars rise
Smoking with victims, flowers and fruits ?
Follies and vice personified,
And mimic gods with attributes
Of wickedness and lust and pride—
Monstrous conceptions of weak minds,
And hearts impure, that error blinds.
These are your gods, Oh Paphians ! these,
The deities to which we pay
Th' oblation of our blood to-day ;
But ere this mangled body lie
To bestial fangs a bleeding prey,
To her best good, in death e'en true,
I would another service do
To my poor country ere I die.

*Your gods are but another name
For lust, impurity and shame;
Instead of these false deities,
I now the one true GOD proclaim,
The LORD of heaven, earth, sea and skies—
The mighty spirit—the pure sense
From centre to circumference
Of all creation spreading wide,
Pervading and supporting all
That woke to being at his call,
Th' omniscient God, from whose keen eyes
The thickest darkness cannot hide ;
Before whom every bosom lies
Unbarred with all its mysteries,
Truth, vice, humility or pride—
The God whose justice soon will bring
To judgment, every secret thing ;
And measure out the joy or pain,
While vast eternity shall roll,
Due to the doings of the soul—
The spirit by which we act and think,
That subtle and mysterious link,
In the great Godhead's mighty chain.*

Casting the deities away
Of idle superstition, take
For guidance and support, the God
At whose loud voice and awful nod
The mountain tops with terrour quake.

He is a jealous God ; his sway,
The world shall own, till every shrine
Crumble beneath his ear divine,
And every graven image placed
To heathen gods, be overthrown—

Their groves a melancholy waste,
Their altar-seats with grass o'ergrown.

Yield to him now and sweetly prove
The conqueror mild a “ God of love.”
Yield nor provoke his burning ire,
Till, in a curse, that all mankind
Shall dread to look upon, you find
Your conqueror, a “ consuming fire.”

Think ye, the innocent blood ye shed,
Unseen of him in whom we trust,
Shall mix with this arena’s dust ?

These limbs beneath the lion’s tread

Be crushed ?—the quivering flesh be riven ?
Our God is looking down ; Oh dread
The awful malison of Heaven :
For the dark deed of vengeance done,
You will, by tears or blood, atone.

Dare not his wrath ; can ye outvie
The thunders of his panoply ?
At a faint whisper of his breath,
The messenger of vengeance speeds
In his swift car of fiery death,
With the winged lightning for his steeds ;
Or should he bid the earthquake rise
The minister of punishment,
The solid earth, in pieces rent,
Is hurled in atoms to the skies ;
Or should he call, upon the shore
Rushes the sea with maddening roar,
Sweeping before his angry waves
Your towers, your proud Acropolis
Shrouded in foam to the dark graves
That yawn within his deep abyss,

Leaving your Eden of the flood
A voiceless ocean-solitude."

He ceased, and every bosom there
Was pulseless, as his final prayer
Rose holily upon the air.

Anon the trumpet's piercing clang
Sounded the death-note ; and each bar,
Grating the ear with its harsh jar,

Was drawn ; and forth the lion sprang
With threatening foot and naked fang ;
A monster huge, of giant strength,

As ever from Getulia came,
Lashing his sides' tremendous length
With his mad tail and flowing mane ;
From his *tapetum** living flame
Shot streaming like the lightning's train,
As o'er the sand he wildly bounded,
Uttering his loud and bellowing roar,
Like ocean's rush upon the shore,
Till the whole theatre resounded.

* The concave mirror in the eye of the lion.

And Chrestogiton fearless stood
With brow unblanched, couching his lance :
Its flashes caught the lion's glance :
And as his quivering lips reveal
The pointed fangs he leaps. The blood
Has crimsoned o'er the Christian's steel,
And sluices with its coloured rain,
The lion's breast and tawny mane.
The thunder of his awful cry,
That rung through every listener's brain,
Equalled the lightning of his eye,
As forward did he spring again :
Fierce was the shock—deadly the close
That on the silent air arose,
As on the lion's rock-like teeth
Crashed Chrestogiton's heavy steel ;
Until, the very force beneath,
The angered desert-born did reel.
Soon prostrate, bleeding on the sand,
Beneath the monster's pressure, lies
The Christian, grasping in his hand
The iron of his broken lance,—
A moment gleams its lightning glance—

Another—and the lion's heart
Is pierced by its long barbed dart—
The blood spouts forth—he falls—he dies.

And on each other's necks the three
Unite in thanks to Heaven, while rise
From heathen lips in the same hour
Praises to the true Deity,
The Christians' God of mighty power,
Who bids the desert monsters kneel
Beneath his followers' nerves of steel.

Hid is the temple 'neath the sand,
That gleamed on Paphos' golden shore,
The pride and wonder of the land ;
Her altars flame with flowers no more ;
But on her fallen and crumbled shrines
The mournful moonbeam palely shines.

And other fanes as fair, and grand
Have passed away, and every stone
That reared their piles is overthrown ;
Still onward speeds the truth divine
Lighting with its benignant ray,

From either pole unto the line,
The regions that in darkness lay ;
And every mount and viny plain
Is smiling 'neath Messiah's reign.

His sceptre shall the nations own,
And reverence his almighty word,
Till the whole earth, with one accord,
Acknowledge his eternal throne ;
And every isle that decks the sea,
Shout the Redeemer Deity.





ABRAM'S SACRIFICE.

ABRAHAM'S SACRIFICE.

And they came to the place which God had told him of; and Abraham built an altar there and laid the wood in order, and bound Isaac his son and laid him on the altar upon the wood. And Abraham stretched forth his hand and took the knife to slay his son.

And the angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven, and said, Abraham, and he said, Here am I. And he said, Lay not thy hand upon the lad, neither do thou any thing unto him; for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son—thy only son from me.

GEN. xxii. 9, 10, 11, 12.

NIGHT trembled on her throne, and furling up
Her starry banner, to the conquering sun,
Whose car of flame rolled up the eastern hills,
Resigned the silver sceptre of her reign.

Leaving his couch, while yet in foldings hung
The veil of darkness on the face of earth,
The patriarch arose, and poured his soul
In fervent aspiration to his God—
And prayed for grace to stay his fainting heart,
In its deep trial.

Strengthened and composed,
With holy resignation on his brow,
He left his tent ; and saddling up his beast
Clave, in obedience to the word of God,
Wood for a holocaust whereon his son
Should, to the Lord, an offering be made :
And taking servants, and the fated youth,
Sped on his journey to the distant hills
Of Mount Moriah.

Thrice the golden sun
Had from the glowing theatre of earth
Rolled up the curtain, bringing on the day ;
And now the patriarch beheld, far off,
The place appointed. Then the electric flash
Of anguish ran, like lightning, down the wires
Of strong paternal feeling ; and his hand,
Palsied with age and grief, smote on his breast
In nature's sorrow : yet the gathering shade
That clouded o'er his venerable brow,
Like shadows chased by sunbeams, fled away
And left it cloudless, tranquil and serene.

Now toiling up the rugged mount's ascent,
Oft resting on his staff his hoary head,
Ascended Abraham, bearing in his hand
The knife and sacred fire for sacrifice—
And by his side groaning beneath the wood,
Pressed on his victim, staying with his hand
The tottering footsteps of his feeble sire.

Led on to slaughter, as the unconscious lamb,
Upon his father's face he turned his eye
In dove-like innocence, and mildly said,
“Behold the wood and fire, my father! Where
Is the burnt offering for the Lord, our God?”
The tender look of confidence, the voice,
Soft as the echoes of an angel's hymn,
Wakened in sorrow's tone the sleeping chords
Of yearning nature; and the gathering tear
Moistened his eyelids, as the patriarch gazed
On his devoted son; yet grace from Heaven,
Like oil upon the troubled ocean's waves,
Restrained the swelling torrents of his breast;
And calmly he returned: “God will provide

A victim for an offering, my son !”
Now on the appointed mount the altar stood,
Waiting its victim. Abraham had prayed
Until, within his bosom, every thought
And feeling upward rose from earth to heaven,
Like sublimated incense ; and the glow
Of heavenly composure, o'er his face,
Threw the calm glories of the mid-day sun,
As in obedience to Jehovah’s word
He bound with thongs his son for sacrifice.

There is amid the majesty of mounts,
Whose towering summits seem to pillar heaven,
A sense of solitude—a loneliness
Chill and oppressive to the awe-struck soul—
And deeply Abraham felt it, as he stood
Upon Moriah’s heights, and saw around
A thousand hills, rearing their azure fronts
Above the clouds, flinging back on the plain
The lengthened shadows of their giant forms.
How awful and how still was all around !
Hushed was the lip of every echo—voice

Was not on all the air : no rustling leaf
Trembled upon its stem ; amid the boughs
Tongue, pennon, plume was still ; the very clouds
Poised their bright purple wings, and hovered o'er.
The painful breathing of the youth, alone,
Stole on his ears ; and as around he gazed,
No eye was on him save the Eternal eye,
And the broad gleam of the meridian sun,
As on the mountain altar of the Lord
Curtained with clouds, he stood, to pour the blood
Of innocence—his son's—his only son's,
In a libation to the most high God.

The victim pressed the wood. The waxen neck
And ivory wrists were dented with the cords
Until the purple blood seemed bursting through
The tissue of the pure transparent skin.
Glowing in youthful beauty, like a rose—
Meek as an uncomplaining lamb he lay ;
Yet as he turned his silent eye to Heaven,
Upon the beauteous sky and golden sun ;
Glories that now would meet his gaze no more,

His snowy bosom swelled with stifled sighs ;
And from his eyelids' silken fringe the tears
Rolled down his damask cheeks, like melted pearls.
Oh what had severed now those holy ties
That sweet as life and strong as death connect
The father to his offspring ?—what had changed
His faith to thwart the promise of the Lord,
By offering up the son in whom that seed
Innumerable as the stars that deck
The azure dome of heaven, should be called ?
Submissively his melting heart resigned
Its natural yearnings to the will of Heaven,
As he remanded back its precious gift,
In full assurance that the self same Lord,
Who from the deadness of his loins had raised
The son of his old age, could by a breath
Reanimate his ashes with new life.

Raising the fatal steel, the patriarch stood
With eye upturned to God ; and throwing back
The curls that clustered round his victim's neck,
Aimed the dread blow ; when on his startled ear

A voice thrilled loudly, “ Abraham ! forbear !
Nor stretch thy hand against the boy, to harm.”
The knife, innocuous, from his palsied grasp
Fell suddenly ; and from his aged eyes
Gushed the warm tears of overpowering joy,
As bending o'er his child he loosed his bands,
And pressed his beating bosom to his own,
In fervency of gratitude and love,
Receiving him, in figure, from the dead
An earnest of the resurrection morn—
First-born, among his brethren, from the grave.

Now on the altar of the Lord, a lamb,
A substituted victim, blazed on high,
A holocaust in ruddy spires of flame ;
While on the incense wings of sacrifice
Wafted arose the prayer of sire and son,
A goodly savour to the Lord their God.

THE FLOOD.

The earth was corrupt before God ; and the earth was filled with violence.

And God said unto Noah, The end of all flesh is come before me ; for the earth is filled with violence through them ; and behold I will destroy them with the earth.

And behold I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth to destroy all flesh wherein is the breath of life from under heaven ; and every thing that is in the earth shall die.

GEN. vi., 11, 13, 17.

THE patriarchs slept, and o'er their virtues stole,
Oblivion deep as rested on their graves,
Unheeded and forgotten. From the mind
The memory of the holy man of prayer,
Who taught the pious multitudes to call
Upon creation's Lord, beneath the tent
Of the blue heaven-spread sky, had passed away,—
Pure Enoch's counsellings—his walk with God,
And bright ascent in glory's burning ear,
Were blotted from remembrance : darkly swept
The torrent of corruption, and “ the sons
Of God” were borne along by ruin's tide.

They lusted after pleasure, and the hours,
That erst were spent in prayer and praise to heaven,
What time the sun sunk o'er the western hills,
And darkness, monitor of death, came on,
They dreamed away in listening to the shell
Of Jubal's daughters, or beneath the trees
In dalliance, or in mazes of the dance,
Joined with the jewelled maids of Tubal Cain.

By music's witchery charmed, and every sense
Drunk with the love of beauty, they forgot
Their pious sires ; and in the tents of sin
Espoused the daughters of the murderous race,
With the hot seal of heaven's displeasure stamp't.
No weary penitent, with tearful eyes,
And feelings like a bruised reed, addressed
His sighs to heaven ; nor on the altar laid
The bleeding victim : nor did prayer or praise,
At morn or evening, to the eternal throne,
Rise with the breath of incense ; for the Lord
Was not in all their thoughts ; but every heart,
E'en in th' imaginations of the mind,
Was only evil.

In the mother's breast

Lust maddened like a plague-spot—daughters caught
The damning taint, and veiled, in loosened robes
Of harlotry, their beauties. Children learned
To troll the wanton's carol; and the lips
Of infants, in precocious guilt, were turned
To sin, lisping obscenity. Rapine preyed
Upon the widow and the orphan: Rage
Knitted his brazen brow, and gnashed his teeth;
Pale Envy gnawed her thin and livid lips;
Dark Malice drugged his brother's cup with bane;
Hate struck with piercing eye his victim's soul,
And Murder, with envenomed steel, his heart:
War trod with iron heel upon the neck
Of slaughtered foes, and from his nodding plumes
Shook the red dews of death; and Violence
Bid Havoc speed o'er earth, till it became
One wide and dread Aceldama of blood.

The impious in impiety had grown
To fearful greatness, and the perfect few,
Who were in better days “the salt of earth,”

Had lost their savour ; and all human flesh,
From moral taint, became a putrid mass
That to th' Eternal's throne for vengeance called ;
Until the end of every living thing
Came up before him.

Amid this gloom of moral darkness, shone
The piety of Noah, like the star
That through the rent of heaven-involving clouds,
Streams brilliant o'er the sable brow of night ;
In all his generations pure, he preached
The dignity of virtue and her joys,
By all the eloquence of a holy life ;
And 'mid the scoffings and the jeers of men,
Who joyed in blasphemy and blood, proclaimed
Truth, righteousness and judgment ; and disclosed
As, with prophetic hand, he raised the veil
That curtained future time, th' uplifted arm
Of dread Omnipotence for vengeance bared.

But on their ears the melting words that broke
From his full heart, fell as the idle wind ;
And Lust still spread her rosy couch, and Sin

With syren song lured to the feast of Crime :
And still the tabret sped the wanton dance,
And the red wine cup cheered the wassail on,
While Fate advanced, with soft and stealthy tread,
The avenging minister of an angry God.

The sun was at the portals of the west,
And as the mountain summits flashed with gold,
And the green islands lifted up their heads,
Rejoicing in the parting smile of day,
The patriarch stood, and then rehearsed again
His tale of mercy. Trembling grew his voice,
Warm gushed the tear-drops down his furrowed cheek,
And, in an agony of woe, he tore
His aged locks, and smote his hoary beard,
As with the guilty race he plead in vain ;
And saw, in Pity's fading smile, the cheek
Of Heaven turn pale, and at the awful frown
Of God in anger, shudder and grow black.

By fear and sacred instinct moved, the birds,
That glance their plumage through the leafy grove,

Or skim the silver surface of the deep,
Are strangely tame ; and all the bestial tribes
Of plain or forest, in continuous line,
Move onward to the ark ; and there, in peace,
Together rest—the lion with the lamb,—
The sportive kid stretched at the leopard's side—
While men, with reason blessed, insensate spurn
The proffered refuge, and with fury blind
Mock at the coming ruin.

Safely housed,
Within the sheltering ark, with those that God
Has given him, the pious preacher feels
The proffered peace his message bore, return
To bless *himself*; and having proved to them
A savour unto death, perfume his soul
With that sweet essence which a holy life
From every good and pious act exhales.

How fearful is thy punishment, oh sin !
The awful curse of *one* transgression bade
The Sun of Righteousness in Eden's grove

Go down in darkness, and the fiery sword,
With threatening blaze, flame round the tree of life;
Sowed on the *vital* air the seeds of death,
With poisons drugged the juices of the earth,
Displaced, for thistle and for thorn, the rose,
And blasted with sterility the ground,
That by the sweat wrung from his weary brow,
Man might his bread obtain, until his frame
Resolve to earth again—dust unto dust.

The primal curse of sin that smote the earth,
Was blent with mercy ; but an angry God
For ruthless vengeance girdeth now himself,
And lifts the arm of chastisement, oh earth !
That thou, throughout all coming time mayst bear,
As a memorial of the curse of sin,
The cicatrices of the scourge of God,
Upon thy giant sides.

The sun went down,
And murky masses of black heaving clouds,
Like undulations of the mighty deep

Rolled onward by the storm, o'erspread the sky,
Darkened the sombre twilight into gloom,
In sackcloth veiled the pale and fearful moon,
And hid from view the starry eyes of night.

Round from the zenith to th' horizon's verge
Extends the grim obscure—the funeral robe
Of chaos for creation, o'er whose folds
The lightning binds its girdle: warring winds,
The strong-lunged heralds of the storm, resound
The blast of desolation, and the sea
And every hill and echoing mountain join
The general wail of ruin.

On the leaves

The pattering raindrops fall, and then the storm
In fury bursts, and on the quaking plain
Pours down the red artillery of the skies.
From pole to pole the thunder booms along
The echoing vault—the vivid lightnings flash
And rend the ebon reservoirs of heaven,
That hold the watery treasures of the clouds.

Down through the opening channels rush amain
The “waters from above,” upon the ground ;
The hidden fountains of the mighty deep
Are broken up, and the tumultuous sea,
That stretched his boundless arms, and folded earth
In close embrace, is maddened into foam—
And like a bridegroom, in whose ruthless breast
Love is exchanged for hate, turns darkly fierce
And rends his sorrowing bride.

As widely spreads

The watery ruin, with the tempest’s voice
Comes from the tents of wickedness, a cry
Of fearful anguish : there the tabret’s sound—
The feast—the dance have ceased ; and o’er the cheeks
Flushed with the wine cup and with lust, is thrown
An ashy pallor. On the mountain tops
Stand awe-struck myriads, and the lightning’s glare
Reveal their frantic gestures, and their hands
Upraised to heaven for mercy ; but the storm
In fury waxes fiercer ;—brighter gleam
The lurid lightnings—louder roar the winds—

The torrent thicker pours—the billowy waves
Rise higher—o'er their banks the rivers rush
With headlong sway—the seas outswell their shores,
And surging high o'er hill and mountain top,
One shoreless ocean rolls around the globe.

But on the bosom of the watery waste,
Safe as the infant on its mother's breast
Lulled to a gentle sleep, the ark outrides
The storm of ruin ; and while vengeance sweeps
With besom of destruction o'er the earth,
The hand of smiling mercy holds the helm ;
And God, so darkly fiercely in wrath, illumines
The bosoms of its inmates, with the light
Of love and joy divine, until the dove
Comes with her olive token, and the bow,
Lit by the smiling presence of the Lord,
Spans in its arch of mercy, earth and heaven.

ELIJAH FED BY RAVENS.

And the word of the Lord came unto him, saying,
Get thee hence and turn thee eastward, and hide thyself by the brook
Cherith that is before Jordan.

And it shall be that thou shalt drink of the brook ; and I have com-
manded the ravens to feed thee there.

1 KINGS, xvii., 2, 3, 4.

THROUGH Israel's borders Famine high had rear'd
Her spectral head, and pale-faced Hunger preyed
Upon the vitals of all things that breathed,
When to brook Cherith, o'er Judea's hills,
The heaven-directed prophet bent his way.

It was the time of harvest, but the vale
Of sunny Israel 'neath the summer breeze,
Curled not in waves of golden wheat. The song
Of the glad reapers rose not. The rich grapes
Hung not in purple clusters from the vine,
That mourned its shrivelled tendrils; and the fruit

Blushed not upon the citron, whose dry leaves
Gave to the winds the rustle of decay.

Slow toiled the weary wanderer ; for his limbs
Failed through long fasting, and his fainting head
Drooped languidly upon his pilgrim's staff,
Beneath the fervours of the mid-day sun,
As o'er the desert waste he sought, in vain,
Fruit from the bough, or water from the rill,
To cool his fevered lips.

The myriad stars

Glow in the deep blue heaven, and the moon
Pours from her beamy urn a silver tide
Of living rays upon the slumbering earth.
The tree-tops glitter ; through their parting boughs,
Rocked by the night-breeze to a gentle rest,
The moon-beams quiver, and the waves beneath
Of the brook Cherith brighten, as they roll,
Cooling the herbage of the thirsty banks,
In gentle purlings, like the cheerful voice
That glads the heart of charity.

Around

The weary prophet gazes, and soft sleep
Steals o'er him, as he lays his silvered head
Upon the mossy pillow, where the trees
Outspread the tent appointed of his God,
Beneath the night-watch of the sentinel stars.

The rays of morning tinged the golden east,
And the far-streaming sunlight to his eyes
Revealed a sere and blighted region round;
Yet confidence in God who spread the waste
With manna; and the cooling fountain poured
From the dry rock, sustained his wavering breast,
And fervently his orisons went up.

As on the ground with soul and sense entranced,
He bowed him down, upon the still air came
The rush of pennons, and the promised birds
Subdued and tame, the heaven-directed food
Laid at the failing prophet's bended knee.



PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

And I will harden Pharaoh's heart, and multiply my signs and my wonders in the land of Egypt.

But Pharaoh shall not hearken unto you, that I may lay my hand upon Egypt, and bring forth mine armies and my people, the children of Israel, out of the land of Egypt, by great judgments.

And the Egyptians shall know that I am the Lord when I stretch forth mine hand upon Egypt, and bring out the children of Israel from among them.

EXODUS VII., 3, 4, 5.

THE monarch sat upon his throne
Of gold and flashing gem ;
And fierce his eye of terrour shone
Beneath his diadem ;
And hosts stood by, in deeds of death,
To do the bidding of his breath.

Each soldier seized his ataghan,
As through the marbled hall
And palace, of an aged man
Sounded the loud footfall,

With solemn brow, and beard of snow
Upon his bosom sweeping low.

Like waves before a gallant prow,
Before the man of God,
Parted that host with pallid brow,
As with uplifted rod,
He stood erect—with unbowed knee—
“Fear God, oh king! Set Israel free.”

Then every stream and river-flood
That hurried by its shore,
Rolled on, in heaving waves of blood,
The purple tide of gore ;
And fount and standing pool were red,
The sepulchre of putrid dead.

In rain and hail, while lightnings blazed,
The tempest stooped from heaven ;
Then upward, as his staff he raised,
The storm was backward driven ;
Stern was the monarch as before,
Then burst the clouds with deafening roar.

O'er earth, with desolating sway,
The wild tornado went ;
While palaces in ruins lay—
With dome and battlement ;
And navies from the storm-tossed tide,
Lay stranded by the river side.

Still onward swept the maddening gale—
O'er vale and mountain's crown ;
And still the rain and driving hail
Poured their artillery down ;
And fruit and trees and prostrate grain,
Like slaughtered heroes, strewed the plain.

Yet harder waxed the monarch's heart
Against the King of Kings ;
Then through the land in every part
Was heard the hum of wings—
The locust swarm were gathered there,
Darkening the earth and summer air.

On every shrub and flow'ret seize,
The ministers of wrath ;
F*

And fruit and leaf that gem the trees,
Vanish before their path,
Till not a stalk or blade of green
Through all the wasted bounds is seen.

Up to the sky was raised that rod
Which called its judgments down—
Heaven shuddered at an angry God,
And blackened at his frown ;
And darkness o'er the regions fell,
Rayless, and thick, and palpable.

The earth and sky, that awful dun
Enwrapped in funeral fold,
Spread sackcloth o'er the radiant sun,
And moon-beams' paly gold ;
And veiled from the affrighted sight,
The many twinkling eyes of night.

The plagues of God o'er every flood
Had passed, and every shore ;
And every valley, mount and wood,
Their awful record bore :

But sign and judgment were in vain--
Still Israel wore the bondman's chain.

Then burst on *man's* devoted head
The vengeance of his ire ;
And o'er the bier of first-born dead,
Bent each Egyptian sire ;
And on the solemn midnight gale
Was borne the mother's plaintive wail.

Through all the land the corses lie,
In palace and in cell ;
And groans rose like the night-wind's sigh,
The tears like night-dews fell ;
And Pharaoh groaned, in agony;
“Let Israel go ! The captive free.”

Tempt not thy God, oh man in power,
By proud imaginings !
For every knee shall bow before
The sovereign KING OF KINGS ;
And every tongue confess the LORD,
In terror feared, or love adored.

ETERNITY OF GOD.

And thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth ;
and the heavens are the works of thy hands :

They shall perish, but thou remainest ; and they shall wax old as doth
a garment.

And as a vesture thou shalt fold them up and they shall be changed ;
but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail.

PSALMS CII., 25, 26, 27.

THE deep foundations of the earth are thine—
Laid by thy hands Almighty, when of old
From ancient chaos order rose, and light
From darkness—beauty from a shapeless mass.
A glorious orb from its Creator's hands
It came, in light and loveliness arrayed,
Crowned with green emerald mounts tinted with gold,
And wearing as a robe the silver sea,
Seeded with jewels of resplendent isles.

The awful heavens are thine—the liquid sun,
That heaves his fiery waves beneath thy eye—

The ocean-fount of all the streams of light,
That pour their beamy treasures through the wide
Illimitable ether, watering with their rays
The wide-spread soil, to where the burning sands
Of dark immensity, eternal barriers throw
Against the flowing of their crystal streams,
Was from the God-head's urn of glory poured.

The stars are thine—thy charactery grand,
In which, upon the face of awful heaven,
Thy hand has traced, in radiant lines, thy grace,
Thy glory, thy magnificence and power,
For eye of man and angel to behold—
And read, and gaze on, worship and adore.
These shall grow old—the solid earth with years
Shall see her sapless body shrivel up,
And her gray mountains crumble piecemeal down
Like crypt and pyramid to primal dust.

The sea shall labour ; on his hoary head
Shall wave his tresses silvered o'er with age—
The deep pulsations of his mighty heart,
That bids the blood-like fluid circulate

Through every fibre of the earth, shall cease ;
And the eternal heavens, in whose bright folds,
As in a starry vesture, thou art girt,
Shall lose their lustre, and grow old with years ;
And as a worn out garment, thou shalt fold
Their faded glories, and they shall be changed
To vesture bright, immortal as thyself.
Yea, the eternal heavens, on whose blue page
Thy glory and magnificence are traced,
With age shall tarnish, and shall be rolled up
As parchment scrolls of abrogated acts,
And be deposited in deathless urns,
Among the *archives* of the mighty God.

THOU art the same—thy years shall never fail ;
In glory *bright* when every star and sun
Shall lose their lustre and expire in night,
Immortal all, when time and slow decay
Imprint their ravages on nature's face ;
Triumphantly *secure*, when from the tower
Of highest heaven's imperial citadel,
The bell of nature's dissolution toll;

And sun, and star, and planet be dissolved,
And the wide drapery of darkness hang
A gloomy pall of sable mourning round
Dead nature, in the grave of chaos laid.



DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

And when he was come near the city, he wept over it ;
Saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the
things which belong unto thy peace ! but now they are hid from thine
eyes.

For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a
trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every
side.

And shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within
thee, and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another ; because
thou knowest not the time of thy visitation.

LUKE xix., 41, 42, 43, 44.

HE stood beside the temple. On its domes
And garnished capitals the sunlight played,
In chequered radiance, like the changeful hues
That fleck the dying dolphin. At his feet
The “city of ten thousand colums” lay
Basking in marbled beauty—a vast tomb—
A whitened sepulchre of living death—
A hideous Golgotha of dead souls.
As from the temple’s height his eye looked down
Upon the guilty millions, his full breast,

As a fond mother's o'er an erring child,
Yearned o'er the city he had failed to save,
Like a devoted Sodom.

His mission had been slighted—time there was
For mercy and for penitence ; but now
The cup of their iniquity was full,
And e'en as on her golden pillars gleamed
The fading light, the sun of peace went down
To rise no more on Salem ; and he stood
With pensive face, and mournful, pitying eye ;
And as the page of future time unrolled,
He read her guilt—her destiny—her fall—
And o'er the coming devastation wept :

Jerusalem ! Oh ! that to thee the time
Of thy blest visitation, had been known,
Then thy vast palaces, and towers sublime,
Earth-strewn and lone,
Had not become a seat for desolation's throne.

Peace and the things of peace from thee are hid,
Removed for ever from thy guilty eyes ;
And shrouded hope sleeps 'neath her coffin lid ;
Hadst thou been wise
Thou hadst not dared the storm of God's dread mys-
teries.

The sunshine of thy glorious radiance sets
In tarnished lustre on thy beauteous home ;
And gloom is gathering round thy minarets,
In clouds that come
To bathe, in fire and blood, gold pinnacle and dome.

Foes shall beleaguer thy devoted wall,
Thy ramparts fail—thy battlements be riven—
The heathen shout amid thy temple's fall ;
And fierce be driven
The ploughshare o'er thee, of the wrath of heaven.

Jerusalem ! how have I sought to bring
Thy gates to gladness : Oh ! what have I done

To woo thy children under mercy's wing !

Ah, stiff-necked one !

Thou hast despised my love, and art, alas ! undone.

* * * * *

Sedition now the reeking blade had sheathed,
To lift her blood-stain'd hands in prayer to heaven ;
And from Judea's distant mounts had poured
The living tide of votaries, to swell
The pious pageant of the solemn feast.
It was the hour of eve—the busy hum
Of enterprise had ceased—still was the air,
Each drowsy echo slumbered in its cave ;
And the vast city's supplication rose
In voiceless mockery of prayer, to heaven.

Upon the ear of silence stole the sound
Of martial music, and the distant tramp
Of marching legions. Louder grew the peal
And nearer, till the trump of battle rung
In blast of death, adown the valley's side,

Startling its echoes ; and upon the top
Of Olivet the Roman eagle waved
Her wings above embattled legions there,
Gleaming, amid a grove of shining spears,
In all the golden panoply of war.

Then shrunk the timid bosom with dismay,
While the roused blood, like lightning, coursed
the frame
Of Judah's warriors, waking all their ire ;
And in the burst of passion, was exchanged
Worship for warfare—the soft timbrel's notes
For the loud trump—the censer for the sword—
And sacrifice for murder.

Salem's sons,
In garb of battle, mailed proof, arrayed,
Stood forth the guardians of the holy towers,
Fencing the wall with palisade of spears—
Or cooling in the fount of Roman blood
Their thirsty falchions in the flying rout.
Beneath the walls in wildest horror raged,
Making sad havoc, warfare ; while within

Faction, with torch infernal, lit the fires
Of hellish anarchy, and fanned their blaze ;
Hate raised the steel against his brother's life,
And smote ;—the battlements ran streams of gore ;
And corses blackening in the sun, bestrewed
The streets, by fratricidal arm struck down.

Dire Discord flapped her wings, dripping with
blood ;
Mad Murder raged. In their paternal halls
Children were slaughtered in their parents' view,
Parents, before their children ; and the steel,
Steeped in the life-fount of the bridegroom's breast,
Sluiced with its crimson rain the bride's white robe.
Pious and impious fell—the man whose heart
Gloried in slaughter and dark deeds of death,
Vengeance o'ertook—and the meek worshipper,
While at the altar, yielded up his life,
E'en with the victim's, he had brought to God—
His ephod sheltered not the priest; oppressed,
He sunk, profaning with his blood the fires,
His hands had kindled up for sacrifice.

The pestilence, from between her livid lips,
Blew poison ; and the atmosphere was death ;
Gaunt Famine raised her pale and spectral form,
And Hunger, with her sharp and skeleton claws,
Tore the pained vitals of all things that breathed.
Whole families fell by fasting—faint arose
The cry for bread, from children, as their tongues
Cleaved to their husky palate ; sucklings cooled
Their burning lips in their dead mothers' blood ;
Parents the morsel from their offspring wrenched,
And mothers tore the delicate infant limbs
Their wombs had borne, and gorged themselves
thereon.
All hope—all love—all pity was extinct ;
All natural affection had grown cold,
Benumbed by the torpedo touch of woe ;
And as the fainting thousands fell around,
Straining their eyeballs to the holy house,
Their only hope, they called on Israel's God,
And mingling prayers and curses, madly died.

Gloom and a deadly night hung brooding o'er

The fated city ; unremitting pealed
The thunder of the engines at the wall,
Cleaving its rocky side ; fiercely arose
The din of battle in the deadly breach,
The clash of arms and the victorious shout,
As o'er the prostrate battlement the tide
Of war rushed headlong ; and the Roman bands
Bristling with spears, circled the house of God.
Here hope's last anchor rested to the Jew,
And in the expiring struggle, fury nerved
Each arm with desperation ; fierce around
The conflict maddened : from the temple's top,
As from a citadel, the deadly shower
Of darts streamed widely—and the very priests
Poured down, in iron hail, the palisades
Uprooted from the roof with impious hands.

Then, when the firmness of the rocky wall
Defied the engine's iron shock, the torch
Raised its dread voice of vengeance, and consigned,
To devastation's flames, the holy pile.
Within the sacred courts, where, mid the wings

Of Cherubim that veiled the mercy seat,
The awful presence of the Mighty sat
In shadowy glory, sacrilegious waved
Her plumes, the Roman eagle ; where came down,
Upon the sacrifice the hallowed fire
Breathing to heaven its savour, rolled on high
The heathen brand, its clouds of smoke and flame.
And in the holiest holy, where the foot
Of priest with no irreverent echo broke
The sacred stillness of th' indwelling God,
Sounded the heavy tread of bloody feet,
And the loud curse of battle.

Mute despair

Held for a time their senses as entranced ;
But as the fiery ruin wider spread,
One long loud voice in wildness pierced the air ;
Mount Perea's distant tops and Olivet,
In awful echoes uttered back the sound—
And the insensate dying ope'd their eyes,
Gazed wildly on the scene—summoned their
strength

Into a desperate effort—shrieked and died !
Fierce blazed the temple's dome—its pinnacles
Towered up to heaven in pyramids of flame,
Till the heaved pillars from their bases reeled,
And the vast house of God in thunder came,
Strewing the earth with ruins.

Fire and sword

Sped onward, till, of all that holy pile,
On whose high capitals the clouds reposèd,
Whose pillars, with rich garnishing of gems,
Poured back the sunlight in a stream of fire—
Not e'en a solitary stone remained
To mark the desolation.

MOSES.

And when she could no longer hide him, she took for him an ark of bulrushes and daubed it with slime and with pitch, and put the child therein.

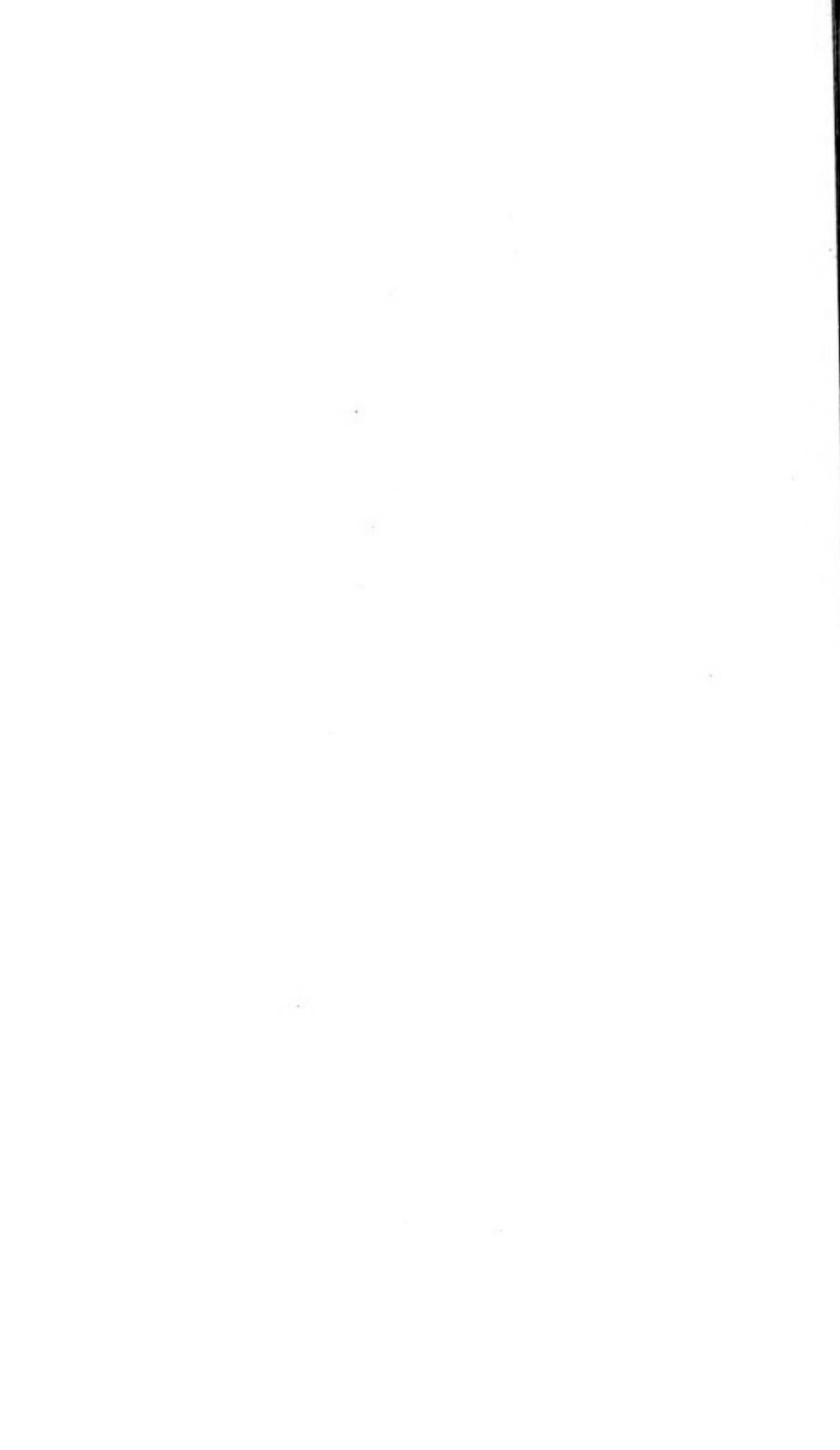
And the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river ; and her maidens walked along by the river's side ; and when she saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maids to fetch it.

And when she had opened it, she saw the child ; and behold the babe wept. And she had compassion on him, and said, This is one of the Hebrew's children.

EXODUS II., 3, 5, 6.

DARKNESS still held her empire, but the morn,
With rosy fingers, from the orient hills,
Lifted the star-embroidered veil of night,
That hung in sombre foldings. The pale stars
Grew dim with watching, but oppressive sleep
Weighed not the eyelids of maternal love,
Keeping its holy vigils. O'er the couch
Of infancy a Hebrew mother bent
Her head in silent anguish—her full heart,
In that deep fervency where utterance fails,
Sent up its aspirations ; and the tears





Dripped from her silken lashes, and like pearls
Gleamed on the tresses, that in molten gold
Bathed the fair ivory of the sleeper's neck.

She pressed the soft lips of her beauteous boy,
And as the dimples o'er his cherub face,
Circled in rosy eddies of delight,
And his warm breath, like a rich moss rose, came
Upon her cheek, of all his infant smiles,
Hoarded within a mother's heart, she thought—
And of the brilliance of his deep blue eyes,
When she had gazed into the lustrous orbs,
Thinking to search the crystal depths of mind ;
And felt how very cruel was the fate
That rent the tendrils of a mother's love,
And left the wounded sympathies to bleed.

The last caress is over—the fair child
Wrapt closely in his infantile attire,
With his transparent eyelids sealed in sleep,
Within the crib of plaited rushes lies,
In helpless innocence. The mother's soul

Is leaning upon God, and her calm eye
Where resignation shines, attempering all
The burst of woman's tenderness, pursues
The fragile bark speeding upon its way,
Freighted with her heart's treasure, to the waves
And scaly monsters of the Nile exposed.

As down the stream, breasting the rippling tide,
Fanned by the breath of heaven, it glided on,
Now hidden by the willows—now revealed—
The fitful colour on the mother's cheek
Attested nature's yearnings ; but when all
That linked his visible being to her, fled,
The torrent of her grief refused control,
And for the living she did wildly pour
The passionate wail of sorrow for the dead.

*

* * * * * * *

It was the hour of noon. The flaming sun
Looked from his zenith throne with glaring eye;
And the papyrus and the asphodel

That fringed the river's shelving bank with flowers,
Bent languid o'er the stream ; and every thing
In nature drooped beneath his conquering beam.
Flushed by the breath of the hot sultry air,
A royal virgin came to lave her limbs
In the cool element ; and as her maids
Threw back the loose robes from her marbled form,
A plaintive cry stole on the listening ear ;
And 'neath a bower of reeds, where purple flowers
Reposed their heads upon the rocking wave,
Within a crib of rushes was disclosed
A Hebrew infant.

From his languid eyes,
Staining his lily cheek, the tear-drops gushed ;
With sighs convulsive heaved his little breast ;
And from between the parted lips, that thirst
Had shrivelled like the dry leaves of a rose,
The labouring breath, in infant cries of pain,
Came hot and feverish.

Fear not, thou trembling dove ! the crooked fangs
Of the young eaglet. Lo ! its eye doth melt

In pity o'er the beauties of a form
So delicately tender. Though the blood
Of a stern sire, whose ruthless hand has poured
From infant breasts the purple tide of life,
Thermuthis in her gentle bosom hides
The sympathies of woman, pure as dew ;
And o'er thy young devoted head shall fold
The soft wing of protection.

With a heart,

Where love and gratitude for utterance strove,
The mother folded in a long embrace
Her rescued darling—and the boy revived
From his faint thirstiness, and nestled close
To the soft pillow of his mother's neck ;
And, twining in the ringlets of her hair
His waxen fingers, raised his tearful eyes,
And with a smile of playful archness gazed,
In stealthy glances, on her beaming face.

PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

And the Lord said unto Moses, Stretch out thy hand over the sea, that the waters may come again upon the Egyptians, upon their chariots and upon their horsemen.

And Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to his strength when the morning appeared ; and the Egyptians fled against it ; and the Lord overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea.

And the waters returned, and covered the chariots and the horsemen and all the host of Pharaoh that came into the sea after them ; there remained not so much as one of them.

EXODUS XIV., 26, 27, 28.

DAY's glories are expiring. In the west
The sun has canopied his sapphire throne
With clouds of paly gold, whose billowy folds,
Softened in shadow, far o'er ether blend
With the gray tapestry of early night.
Beneath his parting smile, the tranquil sea
Glowes like the cheek of beauty ; and his rays
Burnish the towers of Migdol, and incinct,
As with a crown of gold, the giant head

Of Pihahiroth, that looks grimly down,
Like a gray sentinel upon the sea.
In the deep shadow, like a mantle flung,
At the broad mountain's base, the weary tribes
Of Israel repose their aching heads—
Or in the plashing cascade cool the limbs
Red with the Egyptian scourge, and with the breath
Of the hot sunbeams fevered, as their feet
Traced with the trickling blood the desert sands.
There is a sabbath stillness on the air,
Sacred to holy thought and to repose ;
And those that slumber, wander in sweet dreams
By living fountains, where the oil and vine
Wed their enamoured boughs—while in the hearts
Of those, whose sturdier sinews had not sunk
Into oblivious rest, the fount of joy
Was gushing, as their solemn, voiceless prayer
Went fervent up to heaven.

Hark ! a sound
Comes lumbering on the air—'tis not the crash
Of meeting pines upon the mountain's top,

The rage of warring winds, nor the loud rush
Of maddened waters 'gainst the rock-ribbed shore.
Rise, Israel ! from your slumbers rise ! The foe
Comes with his hosts to battle. Far and wide,
From either mountain, wildly down the vale
The martial tide is sweeping, with a voice
Tumultuous as the sea—chariots and horse,
And spearmen in the panoply of war.
Where is your succour, Israel ? Darkly lower
Baalzephon's battlements and Migdol down,
Fenced with a triple palisade of spears !
Above you the precipitous mountain crags
Throw their eternal barriers—the mad sea,
Before you, lashes into foam its waves ;
While, in the rear, the oppressor's falchion gleams,
Bared for promiscuous murder ; till each limb
That erst bedewed with sweat Egyptia's soil,
Pour forth th' enriching treasure of its blood.

Night has assumed her sceptre. The pale stars
Are in their silent watch-towers, and the moon
Is gazing down, in sadness, through a veil

H*

Of cloudy sackcloth, like a new-made bride
Arrayed in widow's weeds, as on the air
Of the still evening comes the rushing sound
Of wild destruction's wings. Upon a rock
That overlooked the sea, with brow unblanched
And calm as summer evening, Moses stood,
While stone and curse assailed him, and the shout
Of the advancing foemen louder pealed.
And when the aspirations of his heart
Mounted to heaven upon the wings of faith,
He stretched his rod upon the heaving sea,
And with th' Eternal's delegated power,
Issued his mandate to th' obedient waves.

Now Israel's murmurs cease, and every eye
Is turned upon the ocean, where the deep
Is cleft asunder to its rocky bed,
And the vast waters curl on either side
Back on themselves, like parchment scrolls, and
stand
Immoveable as adamantine walls,
Guarding some palace of the far down sea.

The fiery column, on whose shaft were graved
The hieroglyphics of the terrible God,
Moving in solemn majesty, aspires
To heaven betwixt the hosts—a battlement
Reared by th' Almighty's hands, from which his
smile
In radiance beams on Israel, and his frown
Falls on their foes in darkness, like the folds
Of the broad ebon bannerets of death.
Deep awe has sealed in silence every lip,
And filled each heart with reverence, and with step
Slow-paced and solemn, Israel's host descend
Into the chambers of the mighty deep,
Lit by th' Almighty's watch-fire; and impress
'Mid gems and rosy shells, the print of feet
Upon the sanded pavements of the sea.

Onward they move—still onward, in a line
Long and continuous, till the stars of night
Are weary in their places, and their light,
Like beauty's eyes, with watching, has grown dim;
And on the mountain-tops the sober gray

Of morn hangs like a veil—then comes a sound
Loud as the voice of thunders—’tis the shout
Of Egypt’s hosts pursuing, and the roar
Of their dread chariots down the rocky vale.

Upon the further shore now Israel stood,
And saw advancing through the sea defile
Egyptia’s warriors, like the locust swarms
That darken all her borders. Lo! the clouds
Are sweeping wildly through the upper heaven,
And float their sable banners to enlist
The elements to battle. The pale stars,
And the wan moon have muffled in dark robes
Their fearful faces ; while in thunder peals
The knell of desolation, and the sea
In acclamation, utters back the sound.

The hour of retribution now has come !
Howl for thy crimes, oh Egypt ! For the tears
Of childless mothers, and the smoking blood
Of murdered sucklings, to the throne of heaven
Have called aloud for vengeance. Smite thy breast

A bow thy head in terror, impious king !
For never from thy palace towers, thy eye,
In pride, again, shall wander o'er the vale
The dark Nile waters. And, ye warriors ! howl,
Who thirst for blood like tigers ; for no more
Shall ye behold the inmates of your homes ;
Nor by their dark-eyed mothers' side, at eve,
Drink in the music of your children's laugh
In gambol on the cottage-shaded turf—
The day of doom is dawning—ere the sun
Mount to his throne meridian, shall the pride
Of armies perish, and the shades of death
Despoil the gleam of diadem and spear.

From the dark foldings of the tempest's robe,
Chequered with stripes of living flame, the storm
Streams in wild fury ; while along the vault
Of echoing heaven, in deep thunder rolls
The Almighty's car of vengeance, with red steeds
Winged with the fiery lightning. The loud winds
Have waked their strength to battle, and they seize
The giant billows' samson locks—the sea

Leaps upward from its caverns, till the foam
Falls like a silver tissue o'er the clouds—
With swelling volume booms the fearful sound,
As tempest-driven the roaring waves approach
Each other o'er the watery defiles,
Arching the way of death, and then recede
In wild disorder. Fiercely came a cry
Above the wind,—above the water's roar—
Above the thunder's peal,—that awful voice
Of anguish went to heaven, as the deep
Resumed her wonted empire, and engorged
In her tremendous jaws the myriad hosts,
Polluting, with unbidden tread, her halls.

Sunlight is on the hills. The beaming smile
Of Deity upon the morning clouds
Has painted blushes—the soft wooing winds
Sport with the waves in dalliance—the green groves
Wave their glad wings in joyance ; and the vales
With their bright streams, and every element
By which th' Almighty had rebuked the race,
Stiff-necked and stubborn, look complacent on

The floating bodies, darkening o'er the sea
Like the strewed planks of shipwreck.

Now o'er the ocean waters swelled the sound
Of harp and timbrel, while the solid earth
Was trembling 'neath the far-resounding peal
Of myriad voices, as they lifted up
The song of triumph to the mighty God,
Whose eye had marked each burning tear that fell
In all their bondage,—who, with arm of power,
Had led them out, and had in anger broke
In pieces the oppressor, when the depths
Engulphed both horse and rider in the sea.



BEHEADING OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

And she came in straightway with haste unto the king, and asked, saying, I will that thou give me, by and by, in a charger, the head of John the Baptist.

And immediately the king sent an executioner, and commanded his head to be brought, and he went and beheaded him in prison.

And brought his head in a charger and gave it to the damsel, and the damsel gave it to her mother.

MARK vi., 25, 26, 27.

NIGHT with her holy calm hung brooding. Stars,
Like angel eyes, gazing upon the earth,
Through heaven's broad tapestry of cloudless blue,
Were pouring down their showers of silver light,
And the fair moon rode in her flashing car
Up the Empyrean steep, a queen triumphing ;
While not a breeze fanned the soft cheek of night,
And all the busy bustling hum of day
Had died away into Sabbathic rest.

How holy is the hour, and full of awe,
When in the vault of heaven's high temple burn
The starry vesper lamps ; and from the earth
Ascends the spicy incense ; while with lip
Hushed into silent reverence, nature bows
In adoration, passing utterance all.

Oh ! then the blessed light of heaven falls
Upon the feverish breast like drops of dew
Upon parched flowers ; and the exulting soul,
Pluming its eagle pinions, soars from earth
And basks in rays ineffably sublime ;
Faith reads immortal truth on starry page,
And hears sweet music from the living wires
Of rolling spheres swept by the mighty hand
Of vast Omnipotence. Yet grovelling man,
Unconscious of the “glory unobsured ;”
Dead to the living beauties, and unmoved
By the inspiring holiness, when stars
Shine out in radiance, and the vesper hymn
Of nature’s adoration peals, will fly
The converse of a smiling God, and bow

Amid the haunts of men, in revelry,
His sky-born spirit to polluted shrines.

Profaning night's deep-brooding holiness,
And wounding her chaste ear, arose the sound
Of bacchanalian mirth within the halls
Of princely Herod. Gorgeously arrayed
In royal robes, upon their damask beds
Reclined the Chief Estates of Galilee,
At the full board, resplendent with the glare
Of polished silver; and while flashing wine
Purpled their goblets, and the merry laugh
Rung, echoing through the vaulted corridors,
And music's fingers woke to extacy,
The bosom's thrilling chords, a virgin came
Bounding in lightness to the viol's sound,
Like a bright dream of magic.

She was rich

In all youth's loveliness. Her jewelled hair
Hung o'er the marble throne of thought in folds
Of graceful drapery, or cloud-like waved
In curls upon her alabaster neck.

From out the fringes of the snowy lid
Her intellectual eye its radiance sent,
And lit with living flame her blooming cheek,
Where smiling love amid the roses played ;
And, parting o'er a string of pearls, her lips,
Arching and curved, shone like the coral bow
Whence Cupid points his darts. Her graceful form
Its fair proportions, through her robe, revealed,
In sylph-like beauty ; and as in the dance
She threaded the wild maze, her presence bound
With magic spell, while 'neath her eye's bright ray,
The floodtide of each bosom gushed amain,
As heaves the sea beneath the silver moon.

Then broke the strain of rapture from the lips
Of royalty—and tender of a boon
Large, full and free, even unto the half
Of his fair kingdom, sanctioned by an oath.
His word—his oath, the chiefs of Gallilee
That heard it—all constrained him ; and the king
Sent forth the bloody mandate with the sword.

Along the prison hall, with silent tread
The headsman stole, and ope'd the ponderous door
That hid his victim. There the Baptist lay
In peaceful slumber on his couch of straw,
With coat of skins mantling in hairy folds
His giant form. Over his mighty brow
Parted the treasure of his unshorn locks,
Gracing his brawny shoulders ; and his beard,
Like sackcloth vestment, veiled his heaving chest.

In strength herculean lay the powerful man,
With holy smile softening each lineament,
As if the soul held converse with its God,
And mounted on the eagle wing of prayer
Up to the starry throne of the Eternal

In reverential awe the headsman stood,
With weapon bared, nor yet essayed to strike,
Till o'er the sleeper's cheek the colour came
And flushed his moving lips ; then, lest the eye,
Potent in terror, and the deep-toned voice,
That shook Judea's mountains, should unman

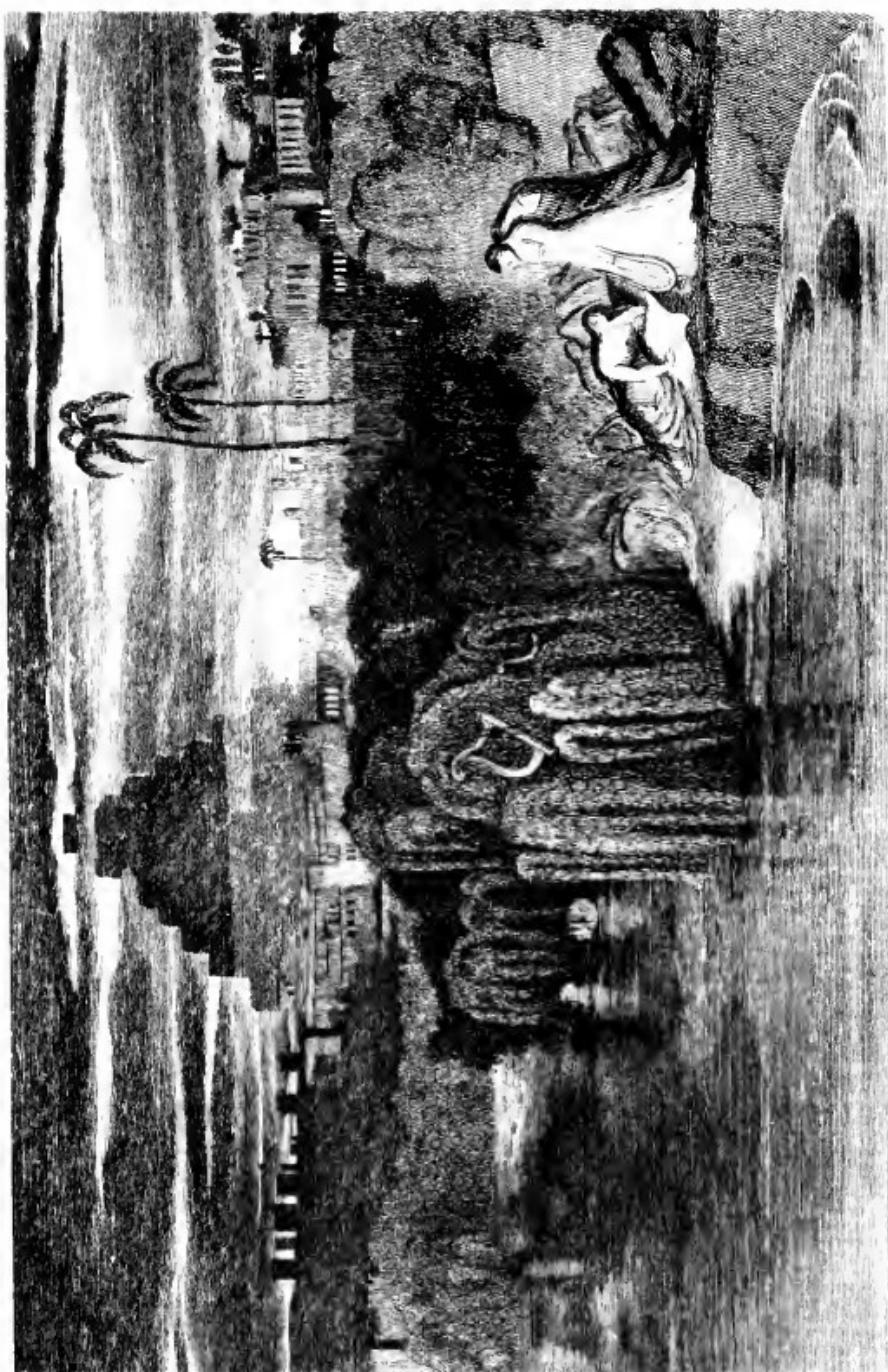
His wavering courage, fell the flashing stroke
Upon the sleeping Baptist, and unsealed
The purple fountain of the tide of life.

The man of blood bore in the gory head
On reeking platter, while the pallid lips
With life still quivered, and the blanching cheek,—
And o'er his dying eyes the lids were drawn
Like faded violets. In the gasp of death—
In all its lividness—in all its writhe
Of mortal agony—with gouts of blood
Stiffening the beard—clotting the mangled locks,
The youthful maiden, with complacent smile
And step of triumph, bore the bleeding head
Unto her mother.

Oh! woman! in thy tender breast we seek
The fount of pity; those soft sympathies
That vibrate like a trembling chord, beneath
The touch of woe. Beside the bed of pain
Thou art an ANGEL; when with pitying eye
And noiseless tread, thy light and fairy feet,

Ministering to woe, "like golden apples shine
In silvery pictures;" and thy soothing voice,
Like oil upon the ocean-billows, calms
The tempest of the soul. But when thy heart,
Estranged to tenderness, becomes a sea
Of selfishness, icy and frozen, where
Pity's magnetic needle trembles not;
And sorrow's wail falls lightly on thy ear;
And misery's garb unheeded meets thy sight—
And deeds of horror—and the guilt of blood!—
Thou art a MONSTER!

Though thy speaking eye
Outflash the sun, thy cheek outblush the rose,
Thy voice outswell the spheres—thy golden hair
Outgleam the sunlight; and, although thy step
Be prouder than th' ungovernable sea;
And though thy mind with jewelled thoughts be rich
As heaven, with all its garniture of stars,
Thou art a MONSTER—to thy sex, thy name,
Thy nature, and thy God.



THE CAPTIVITY.

By the rivers of Babylon we sat down ; yea we wept when we remembred Zion.

We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.

For there they that carried us away captive, required of us a song ; and they that wasted us, required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.

PSALM CXXXVII., 1, 2, 3.

THE reign of day was ended, and the night
Succeeded to her empire—not with eye
Of peerless lustre, and a cheek all smiles ;
But wan and sickly, with embrowning shades
Darkening the radiance of her starry cheek,
As sombre musings cloud the pensive face
Of uncomplaining beauty, when the heart
Is crushed with woe, and memory's busy hand
Perturbs the slumbering waves of sorrows past.

As o'er proud Babel's domes and heaven-piled
tower

The clouds hung like a pall, and shadowy fell
The melancholy light upon the waves,
In which the willows steeped their weeping boughs,
Like drooping mourners with dishevelled hair,
The weary captives felt congenial gloom,
And in their bosoms every trembling chord,
In unison with nature, was attuned
To sorrow's low and melancholy plaint.
Upon the breeze of evening came the sound
Of mirth and gladness from their heathen foes,
Who revelled in their palaces of pride ;
While Zion, by their cruel hate despoiled,
Was left in ruins, and her daughters borne
Far from her soft and sunny clime, bedewed
The bitter bread of slavery with their tears.

Beside Euphrates' turbid stream they sat,
A band of wanderers, with their aching brows
Supported on their pale and wasted hands—
While their neglected tresses, like a veil
Of mourning, fell in folds around their necks ;
And as the thoughts of home and former joys
Came crowding up, they poured the lay of woe,

While on the willow boughs their unstrung harps,
Swept by the fingers of the breeze of night,
Symphonious echoed to the mournful sound.

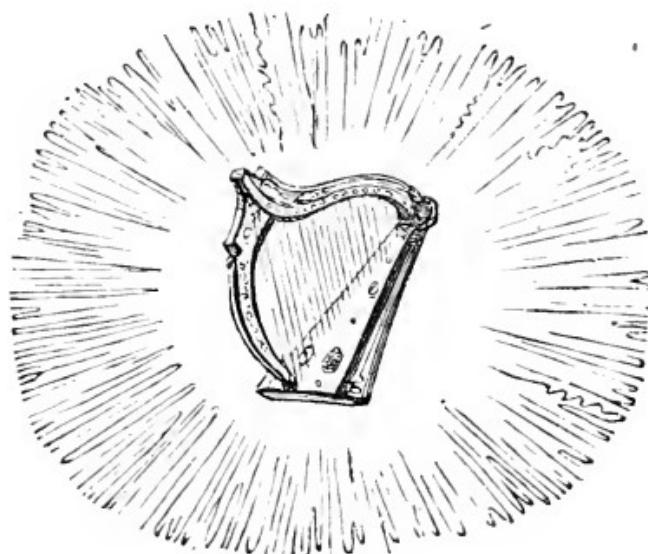
The foes that compassed Salem's fall,
And laid her altars low ;
That hurried into foreign thrall
Her daughters, steeped in woe :
E'en while the tears of anguish flow,
Add mockery to our slavish wrongs,
And call for one of Zion's songs.

Can we, when heathen tongues demand,
The songs of gladness raise,
We chanted in our fathers' land,
Unto Jehovah's praise ?
Or waken into tuneful lays
Our slumbering harps, with chords unstrung,
Upon the mournful willows hung ?

If I, Jerusalem ! forget
Thy sorrows and thy cruel wrong,
Until the sun of memory set;

Or swell, for heathen mirth, the song,
Then withered be the arm that long
Has swept the echoing chords with skill :—
Be sealed my tongue in silence still.

Remember Edom's sons, oh Lord,
Who rased thy temple to the ground ;
Let Babel reap her just reward,
And weep her sucklings slaughtered round ;
Then shall our tuneful harps resound
The joyful triumph of the free,
And swell for Salem and for thee.



DESTRUCTION OF SODOM.

The sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered into Zoar.
Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire
from the Lord out of heaven.
And he overthrew those cities, and all the plain, and all the inhabitants
of those cities, and that which grew upon the ground.
GENESIS xix., 23, 24, 25.

NIGHT's death-like reign was o'er—its pulseless
sleep,
And streams of light, like purple currents, flushed
With a new life, the morning's cold, pale cheek;
The sun rode up the orient, and the hills,
To herald in the king of day, had lit
Their thousand beacons—the fair sky unfurled
Her cloudy bannerets of rosy folds—
The dewy earth arrayed herself in gems
To greet his coming; and upon the air,
Rich with the perfumes which the spicy flowers
Shook from their crimson censers, rose the peal

Of nature's anthem ; while each mount and stream
That met his glance, reflected back his smiles.

Outstretched in loveliness, the fertile plain
Of Sodom lay, with many a laughing stream,
Like merry children, sporting o'er its glade ;
And Jordan, with its mass of living waves,
The forms of queenly cities mirroring—
Encircled with their crowns of golden towers,
All smiling in security, while earth
And silent heaven were slowly marshalling
Their myrmidons of ruin, to descend,
With storm of war, and blot with fire and blood,
From nature's page, the guilty realm where reigned,
Bloated with crime, Pollution, on his throne
Of darkness seated.

From the couch of lust,
Mad with the wine-cup and the night's debauch,
Came forth the sons of pleasure ; and their songs,
And obscene pæans, rose on heaven's pure air,
Like pestilence, hailing in another day

Of guilty dalliance—as if death were sleep,
And life a giddy dream of guilty joy :
And that, because the night still smiled with stars,
The day with sunlight, and the plains with fruits,
The eye of God looked not in anger down,
Nor registered their calendar of crimes.
But soon the slumbering breeze awoke, and shook
Its sounding pinions ;—trembling Jordan shrunk
Into his inmost caves—the pallid sun,
Behind his veil of sable clouds, withdrew,
And desolation's darkness brooded o'er.
Anon, the clouds shook from their ebon plumes
Dew-drops of flame ; the baleful lightning rained
Its lurid hail of brimstone and of fire,
In ceaseless storm, and heaven's artillery poured
Its storm of thunder on the smoking plain ;
And city—forest—shrub, and e'en the ground,
In the great censer of the wrath of God,
Went up to heaven in flame ;

The earthquake raised
His voice of fury, and the trembling hills
Came toppling from their rocky pedestals ;

And then a crash was heard, as if the ribs
Of earth were crushed beneath the iron car
In which Jehovah rolled, in fury, by ;
And as the thunder boomed a funeral knell
O'er the dark grave the giant earthquake dug,
Shrouded in winding sheet of fire, went down
The flaming city, with its blazing towers,
To endless Tophet.

Slowly rolled away

The sulphurous canopy of clouds, that hung,
Like desolation's wings, stretched o'er the plain—
Herbless and treeless—manless was the vale
Of fertile Sodom ;—all a watery waste—
A dark, lethean lake of guilt and blood,
Whose turbid waters, like the troubled breasts
Of its vile denizens, that ceaseless stirred
The sediments of sin, pollute the shores
With darkness and the lurid filth of pitch.

RAISING OF THE WIDOW'S SON.

Now when he came nigh to the gate of the city there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow ; and much people of the city was with her.

And when the Lord saw her he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not.

And he came and touched the bier ; and they that bare him stood still. And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, rise. And he that was dead sat up and began to speak ; and he delivered him to his mother.

LUKE VII., 12, 13, 14, 15.

THE moon was up, and bathed in splendour bright
High gilded dome, and battlement and tower,
And rained her light, like silver, on the waves,
That calmly slept, of Galilee's blue sea.
The balmy breeze, laden with fragrance, bland
From myrrhine shrubbery and citron groves,
And exhalations of the spicy earth,
Canie in refreshing waves to bathe the limbs,
And feast the sense with odorous perfume.
Immersed in gloomy thought the widow sat,
Nor saw the splendours of the vaulted sky,

Nor felt upon her burning brow the breeze,
That, whispering through the tendrils of the vines,
Clustering, around its lattice, came to cool
And vivify her sorrow-shaken frame.
A dimly burning lamp threw its pale light
Upon the paler features of her child—
Her son, the comfort of her widowed years,
Sole pledge of mutual love, lay on his couch,
The gathering tears slow-rolling from his eyes
O'er which the death-film gathered for the fate
Of her who gave him being—who had watched
His helpless infancy with anxious eye,
And whose infirmities demanded, now,
A kindlier care than the grudged charities
Of a cold, harsh, unsympathetic world.

* * * * *

“Mother!” “My son!” And o'er his couch she stood,
In infinite despair. The glassy eye,
The pupil o'er its orb distending wide,
The painful breathings of his brawny chest,

And the mysterious lividness of death
Brooding upon his features pale, proclaimed
The mournful hour of dissolution near.
Her withered arms the weeping widow threw
Around the neck of her departing son,
And mourned in agony, while heavy sobs
Shook every fibre of her tottering frame ;
And he essayed, while in the lamp of life
The light still flickered, with a soothing voice,
Her wounded spirit to bind up and heal.
“ God stay thy sorrows, mother ! and raise up
A friend unto thee, who, with filial care,
Shall cherish thee, and smooth life’s rugged path,
Till thou shalt slumber in the peaceful tomb.”

As o’er his dying couch the widow stood,
She pressed her shrivelled lips to his, and felt
Them cold and clammy—saw his soft blue eyes,
That oft had beamed so fondly on her, closed
In death’s deep slumber, ne’er to open more—
And heard the bursting of that tender heart,
Whose every pulse beat warm with filial love.

Youth is life's springtide ; and although its hopes
Be crushed beneath the iron heel of woe,
They germ again, and the bruised spirit stands,
From elasticity, erect and firm.

Not so with *age* : The wintry storm of woe
Shakes the last leaf from hope's lone arid bough ;
And then the wounded soul, brooding in tears
O'er utter desolation, falls alone.

She was *alone*, childless and friendless ; and she bent
Her head in sorrow ; and the passionate wail
Of lamentation rose upon the air.

"Art thou, my beautiful ! forever gone,
Who stanched the current of my widowed tears ;
Who shed a light, life's wintry storms upon,
And stood the pillar of my failing years ?
Oh ! art thou gone ! thou gentle-hearted one !
My first—my last—my loved, my only son !

Yes, thou art gone ! and as a princely prize,
Is won thy manly beauty by the grave ;

And sealed forever are thy death-glazed eyes,
O'er which the golden tresses gently wave;
Gone are the roses from thy forehead fair,
And paleness reigns, and deathly dampness there.

Oh, I had hoped that thou, my son ! wouldst close
These dying eyes, and weep my final doom ;
When this lone widowed heart, oppressed by woes,
Be gathered to its resting place—the tomb ;
And sometimes visit the sequestered spot,
Where sleeps thy mother's dust, by all the world
forgot.

But like unripened fruit, before its time,
Thou art hoarded in the granary of death ;
Fallen in thy beauty ere thy manhood's prime—
How would I joy to yield this labouring breath,
And lay beneath the turf my weary head,
With thee, my son ! amid the silent dead."

Morn broke, and with it came the glorious sun,
Flushed, as it were, with vigour from repose ;

His fiery axle on the mountain tops
Shed its red beams, illumining in gold,
In purple, and in crimson, the fair clouds
Floating like banners opened to the breeze,
And studding, as with gems, the dewy shrubs
That spread their painted petals to his rays.
The purling streams, meandering through sweet
groves,
Seem'd, with their borders of rich green enclosed,
Like silvery pictures edged with velvet round ;
Amid the dew-bespangled boughs, the birds
Of golden plumage glanced their wings, and tuned
Their throats to melody. The earth, the sky,
Shrub, flower and tree, and every insect smiled
With a redundancy of life and joy.

Dark to the mourner was the glorious morn,
With its bright sunshine and prismatic hues ;
Dreary and void the wide and fertile earth,
With its gay prospects—herbage, fruits, and flowers.
The light that cheered her darksome soul was out ;
The sun that gave its light and hues to all

Earth's fairy prospects, had forever set ;
And destitute and lonely, wrapt in grief,
She looked upon the features of the dead
With earnest gaze, before the funeral shroud
Enwrapt him from her, and her cherished one
Be carried out to his eternal home.

The corpse is shrouded, and is borne along,
In slow procession, to the city gate.
The sorrowing mother, bent beneath the weight
Of years and woe, in sable garments clad,
Follows with mournful step the moving bier,
And as, at every tread, the heart-wrung tears
Course down the channel of her furrowed cheeks,
A voice of melody steals on her ear,
Thrilling each shattered nerve—"Woman ! weep
not!"

The bier stood still ; the widow's eyes grew
Sight, strength, sensation left her; to the ground
The mourner sunk, bewildered and amazed.
Sensation came. Her son, clothed with his shroud,

Bent over her—and the Eternal God,
Who holds the keys of hell and death—

With smiles

Of heavenly sweetness beaming on his face,
He changed the fount of tears to one of joy,
Presenting to her, her lamented son
Restored to life—to her embrace maternal.

Weep not, oh widowed mothers! when the pall
Of death is round your offspring, and the barbed
And rankling iron enters in the soul;
For he who at the gates of Nain beheld
And stanched the flowings of a mother's heart,
Is pitiful of nature, and will wipe
The tear-drops from the eyes, and calm the grief
Of those who lean upon his loving arm—
And will restore their children to a life
Of better promise, in that goodly land
Where sorrows cease and death is all unknown.

DEATH OF SAMSON.

Now the house was full of men and women ; and all the lords of the Philistines were there ; and there were upon the roof about three thousand men and women, that beheld while Samson made sport.

And Samson called upon the Lord, and said, Oh, Lord God ! remember me, I pray thee, only this once, oh God ! that I may be at once avenged of the Philistines for my two eyes.

And Samson took hold of the two middle pillars upon which the house stood, and on which it was borne up, of the one with his right hand, and of the other with his left.

And Samson said, Let me die with the Philistines. And he bowed himself with all his might ; and the house fell upon the lords and upon all the people that were therein.

JUDGES XVI., 27, 28, 29, 30.

WITHIN Philistia's princely hall,
Is held a glorious festival ;
And on the fluctuant ether floats,
The music of the timbrel's notes,
While living waves of voices gush—
Echoing among the distant hills,
Like an impetuous torrent's rush,
When swollen by a thousand rills.

The stripling and the man of years,
Warriors with twice ten thousand spears,
Peasants and slaves and husbandmen—
The shepherd of the mountain glen,
Vassal and chief, arrayed in gold
And purple robes—Philistia all
Are drawn together, to behold
Their mighty foeman held in thrall.

Loud pealed the accents of the horn
Upon the air of that clear morn ;
And deafening rose the mingled shout,
Cleaving the air, from that wild rout ;
As guarded by a cavalcade,
The illustrious prisoner appeared ;
And 'mid the grove the thick spears made,
His forehead like a tall oak reared.

He stood with brawny shoulders bare,
And tossed his nervous arms in air ;
Chains, leathern thongs, and brazen bands,
Parted like wool within his hands ;

And giant trunks of gnarled oak
Splintered and into ribands rent ;
Or by his iron sinews broke,
Increased the people's wonderment.

The amphitheatre, where stood
Gazing the mighty multitude,
Rested its long and gilded walls
Upon two pillars' capitals.
His withered arms with labour spent,
He threw around the pillars there ;
And to the deep blue firmament
Lifted his sightless orbs in prayer.

Anon the columns move—they shake,
Totter and vacillate, and quake ;
And, wrenched by giant force, come down,
Like a disrupted mountain's crown,
With cornice, frieze and chapitre—
Girder and gilded dome and wall,
Ceiling of gold and roof of fir,
Crumbled in mighty ruin all.

Down came the structure ; on the air
Uprose in wildest shrieks, despair,
Rolling in echoes loud and long,
As sent from that crushed myriad throng ;
And Samson, with the heaps of dead,
Priest—vassal—chief, in ruin blent,
Piled over his victorious head
His sepulchre and monument.





RFT SHAZYAR'S FEAST

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the house of God that was at Jerusalem ; and the king and his princes, his wives and his concubines drank in them.

They drank wine and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood and of stone.

In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace ; and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote.

DANIEL v., 3, 4, 5.

'TWAS night, and Babylonia's waters slept
In silent beauty, mirroring the beams
That poured like molten silver from the urn
Of white-robed Cynthia. Not a breath of air
Stirred the soft foliage of the leafy reeds,
Or the long willow boughs, that graceful hung,
Like weeping mourners, o'er the moonlit waves.
The golden fish that gambolled in the stream,
Plashing the silvery spray like tiny gems,
Had all retired within their watery cells ;
No sound was heard of all the insect train,

Whose golden-tinted wings had glanced in life
And joyance through the summer air, and wheeled,
In mazy round, from tempting flower to flower ;
The bell and petals of the flowers themselves
Were folded up in nature's soft repose,
Like the fair wings that fluttered round their sweets,
All—all was still—save man, the reveller.

From the high dome of Babylonia's king
A thousand golden lamps flamed radiantly,
Illumining the high arabesque roof,
Studded with sparkling brilliants and rich gems,
The porphyry fluted pillars, and the urns
Of gold-specked porcelain, rife with choicest flowers,
And gods of gold, of silver, iron, brass,
And wood and stone, that sat in marble niche,
Each god on consecrated tripod placed.

Before the statues festive spice-rods burned,
Rolling the incense in great dusky spires,
That filled the house with odorous perfume.
To the gay pageant musick lent its charms :

Flute, sackbut, tabret, dulcimer and harp
Mingled their notes in soft, mellifluous strain,
As the light sandals of the liveried page
Slid o'er the marble pavement, in the dance,
Wheeling in mazy circle to the gaze
Of the proud king, his thousand lords and wives.
Amid the hall the festive board was spread,
The silver platter and the golden vase,
With delicacies piled and choicest viands ;
And round it, on their damask couches raised,
The bacchants—higher than the rest, Belshazzar ;
And as in lordly state pre-eminent—
E'en so in boisterous revelry and mirth :
“ Bring forth the vessels of the Jewish shrine,
Judea's God shall bow for once to-night ;
Fill high with wine the consecrated cups,
Drink full libations to the mighty gods
Of old Assyria.”

To the skies a shout

Rose wildly, as the sacred cups were brimmed
With the unholy wine to heathen gods ;

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And as Belshazzar impiously proclaimed
The full libation—on the opponent wall
Came forth the fingers of a giant hand,
And wrote upon the solid, stuccoed wall,
As if on sand, strange characters.

Like curdled blood, his phrenesied eye beheld
The purple juice ; and from his nerveless hand,
As lightning-struck, the sacred goblet fell ;
His loins were loosened, and his palsied knees
Each other smote, in horror and dismay ;
And with a feeble, faltering voice, he cried,
“ Bring in the Chaldee sage, the men of lore,
The astrologer, and deep-read magi bring.”

And soon the venerable men appeared,
The men of lore, upon whose aged busts
The snowy beard, like a long mantle, flowed.
Diverse their garments : Some, a flowing robe
Of black, wore loose, a golden sun emblazed ;
Some, robes of white with hieroglyphics traced
Of hidden lore—the mysteries of years ;
While some a mantle girt of yellow hue,

Three eyes embossed, whose different vision scans
The distant future,—present and the past.
The silver wand of dark astrologer,
Some bore, and some, three sacred globes of gold ;
The ophite had his serpent: some had crypts.

Upon the furrowed lineaments of all
Sat awful wisdom—on their foreheads stamped,
Indelibly, the seal of powerful mind.
Upon the dread, mysterious hand their eyes
Were rivetted, and on the awful lines,
Whence radiated light like lightning's blaze—
But darker grew the mystery, as they gazed,
Until their thought-strained eyes dilated grew—
But vain : the golden globe had lost its power,
The silver wand its impotence confessed;
The white-robed magi waved their golden snakes,
And waved in vain. Confounded all—the men
Of hidden mystery and profound research
Shrunk back aghast and viewed the portent dread.



And Daniel spoke :—“ Thy many gifts, oh king !
Be poured upon another, though my tongue,
Lit by the fire of prophecy, unfold
The fearful mystery of the awful lines.
Know then, oh ! kind, the most high God did give
The king, thy father, majesty and power,
Before which tongues and nations from afar,
Trembled with awe, and deepest reverence gave ;
And whom he would his power doomed to death :
The men, he would exalt, like cedars rose,
Gracing the front of lofty Lebanon,
And whom he would put down, he swept from earth.
With the wild whirlwind of his furious breath ;
But when his soul was lifted up—his mind
Hardened in pride against the living God—
Entirely prone to evil ; from his throne
Forth was he driven—all his glory gone ;
The coronet no more his brows adorned—
His bust, the purple ; and his royal hand
The regal sceptre grasped no more, in pride.
From the sons of men forth was he driven
To the desert fields—his heart the heart of beasts—

His dwelling, theirs. With the wild mountain ass
He made his lair, and on the grassy plain
Browsed with the oxen; and the vocal dell
Rung with their lowings, mingled with his moan.
Above his head the pitiless tempest howled;
His hoary hairs bristled with the cold frost,
And with the rain and dews of heaven were drenched,
Until he knew that God the highest ruled
Supreme in heaven, and chiefest in the earth.
And thou, his son, Belshazzar! knewest this,
And hast not humbled thee before the Lord,
But lifted up thy heart against his power—
And brought the vessels of his holy house
For thee, thy lords, thy concubines and wives,
With heathen wine most impiously to pollute;
And praised the gods of silver, gold and brass,
Which see not, hear not, know not—and the God
In whose hands is thy breath—who seeth thy ways,
Thou hast not glorified, but spurned and dared.
Hear now the interpretation of the words
That he has traced against thee, impious king!
MENE, thy kingdom, God, in fearful wrath,

Hath numbered, and forever hath destroyed.
TEKEL, thy soul is weighed and wanting found ;
The grave yawns for thee, justice draws her sword.
PERES, thy empire's parted—o'er thy walls
The Mede shall float his banner to the breeze,
And on thy jewelled throne the Persian sit,
And sway the rod of empire o'er thy realm ;
While thou, pierced by his sword, of all bereft,
Thy kingdom, life and glory, give to earth,
Thy delicate body and thy naked soul,
Distained in guilt, to the eternal streams
That rain forever, from the awful vials
Of fiery vengeance of a God incensed.”

Thus spake the prophet ; and before the domes
Of Babylonia's palace flashed with light,
Its halls with blood were reeking, and around
The midnight revellers were strewed ; while he,
Who gloried in the wantoness of crime,
And had, in sacrilegious mirth, defied
The Omnipotent, had gone to his reward.

PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.

Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Thou art permitted to speak for thyself. Then Paul stretched forth the hand, and answered for himself.

Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.

ACTS XXVI., 1,28.

BEFORE the judgment seat, circled with spears
Of grim-faced warriors, see the man of God !
Although the scrutinizing eye of kings
Searches each lineament, as if to scan
The workings of his soul, he calmly stands,
Like some colossal column, which the clouds,
Darkened with thunder, lower upon in vain.

Upon his festered wrists the galling chains
Of persecution sound ; yet from his eye
And from his radiant features breathes a soul
Undaunted—unsubdued and free—
A spirit strong in conscious innocence,

And truth divine, girded with holy hope.
While high upraised his scornful judges sat,
Anxious to hear “the founder of strange Gods.”
With reverent obeisance, and with grace
Of utterance and diction, the accused
“Stretched forth the hand, and answered for himself.”

In simple phrase, he sketched his pious youth ;
How zealous of the duties of the law—
Its rites and ceremonies—he had lived
“A Pharisee after the strictest sect;”
And how, in after years, when growing thought
Had ripened into judgment, he had stood
At the renowned Gamaliel’s feet, and conned
The Talmud scroll, and the mysterious lore
Of ancient doctors, with unwearied mind,
Spinning a lengthened line of years of thought,
The depth to fathom of the mighty pool
Of moral science.

Then, as the tears stole o’er his flushing cheek,
He spoke of his enthusiasm wild ;

How of traditions zealous, he opposed
The name of Jesus,—him of Nazareth—
And his meek followers pursued with death
And persecution unto cities strange—
How he had seen the purple life-blood spout
Up from the thousand fountains, made by stones
Cast by the murderous multitude—his voice
Giving against them—sealing their dark doom ;
And how, when journeying to Damascus, sent
With full commission from the bloody priests
To bind and scourge and torture, that a light
From the clear heaven, above the noonday sun,
Gleamed 'round him and his iron-mailed band,
Like lightning, suddenly, and strewed the earth
With horse and rider ; while a solemn voice,
From high Empyrean, broke upon his ear :
“ Why dost thou persecute me, Paul ? why dare
The heavy bosses of Jehovah’s shield
With puny shaft ? Rise, stand upon thy feet !
I, Jesus, whom thou persecutest, send
Thee to the Gentiles, to unseal their eyes,
Turn them to light from darkness, and to God

From serving Satan, that they may receive
Forgiveness of their sins through faith in me.”

And as he spoke of Jesus, his warm heart
Swelled with delight unutterably full ;
His kindling eye shone with unearthly light ;
And eloquence, strong as a torrent stream,
His glowing features lit with living flame.
His sonorous voice rung through the vaulted hall
Like music, as he dwelt upon the hope
Of promise to the ancient patriarchs made,
And drew forth, link by link, of that gold chain
Prophetic, which unbroken, down! from man
Primeval, stretched to Jesus, in the heap
Of types and shadows hid, and with the dust
Of ages long gone by, obscured and dim ;
And, by resistless demonstration, proved
Jesus the Christ in very deed ; the hope
Of Israel, and the Saviour of the world ;
“ Counsellor Wonderful”—“ The Prince of Peace”—
“ The Eternal Father”—“ The Almighty God !”
And as he traced him from his bed of straw,

Curtained by angel wings, up to his cross,
O'er which, shrouded in black, the heavens hung,
Glorious in all his acts, Godlike and grand,
Healing the sick—making the maimed, the lame
Leap with returning action—pouring light
Upon the sightless eyeballs of the blind—
And bidding life reanimate the dead :
The Gentile king caught from his hallowed lips
The glow of admiration of the might
And majesty of Jesus ; and his heart,
On which the light of heaven began to dawn,
Forgot his heathen idols in the God
Omnipotent, proclaimed in mighty truth ;
And while the resurrection and ascension came,
Sanctioned by reason, opening up the gates
Of life eternal and the joys of heaven,
In the o'erflowings of a wounded heart,
Subdued in every thing, except its pride—
He cried—“ Thou hast almost persuaded me
To be a Christian.”

The voice of the accused now died away ;
And silence reigned amid the judgment hall ;
They who had come to listen to the sound
Of babbling nonsense, or the maniac rant
Of mad enthusiasm, stood confused,
And gazed upon each other vacantly,
As men bewildered, while they, one and all,
Read in his features, in his words and tone,
His innocence ; and deep conviction felt,
As with meek step and uncomplaining eye,
He sought again the dungeon, he had done
Nothing that merited or death or bonds.

Oh ! blessed Faith, that in this world of woe
Refreshes, with an antepast of heaven,
The fainting spirit ; and infuses peace
Amid the turmoil of life's wintry winds,
And confidence and triumph, when the rack
And chains array their terrors ; and the torch
Of persecution lights her demon fire.

LOOK NOT ON WINE.

Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup.

PROVERBS xxxiii., 31.

Look not on wine ; although the cup
Be crimsoned with its ruby stain ;
Look not—'tis filled with wormwood up,
And blood, and burning tears of pain :—
Its flash is as the red bolt's glow,
Lighting the paths of death and woe.

Look not on wine : Circean spell
Is breathed upon the purple grape ;
Changing to phantoms horrible
The godlike mind, the godlike shape,
And dooming with its poisonous breath
The soul to everlasting death.

Look not on wine : its rainbow glow
 Reflected is from falling tears ;
But ah ! it is no peaceful bow
 Of promise, in life's storms and fears—
But is a messenger of wrath,
A fiery meteor on life's path.

Look not on wine ! Oh, who can tell
 The victims of its Moloch shrine ;
Or speak the soul-destroying spell
 That mantles o'er the clustered vine—
The withered hearts—the glories fled—
The tears—the blood, that it has shed.

Look not on wine ! Your ruddy youth,
 Oh ! barter not, and spotless fame,
And conscious dignity and truth,
 For premature old age and shame—
And heaven, and hope, and all that's thine,
For short-lived joys. Look not on wine !



MOSSES SMITING THE ROCK.

MOSES SMITING THE ROCK.

And wherefore have ye made us to come up out of Egypt, to bring us unto this evil place? It is no place of seed, or of figs, or of vines, or of pomegranates; neither is there any water to drink.

And Moses and Aaron gathered the congregation together before the rock, and he said unto them, Hear now, ye rebels; must I fetch you water out of this rock?

And Moses lifted up his hand, and with his rod he smote the rock twice; and the water came out abundantly, and the congregation drank, and their beasts also.

NUMBERS XX., 5, 10, 11.

No former miracles that shed
Upon the desert, streams and bread,
Inspired with confidence or grace
The faithless and the wicked race.
Oppressed with thirst, with hunger faint,
They vented murmur and complaint.
“ Why bring ye, to this barren coast
Of heat and sand, our weary host;
Where neither fruit nor golden grain,
Appears through all the desert plain—

No bough on which pomegranates shine,
Nor figs, nor clusters of the vine ;
Where sparkles neither fount nor pool
The thirst to slake—the brow to cool.
Why bring us to this land to die ?
Egypt had graves wherein to lie.”
Their leaders, then, in anguish, bowed
Their faces down, and mourned aloud,
Until, from out the light that broke
Around, the voice of God thus spoke :
“Smite with the rod : the flinty rock
Shall pour its streams for man and flock.”

Then with the consecrated rod,
Which curse or blessing brought from God,
Toiled Moses up the pathless wild
Of rocks, in sullen grandeur piled,
While all the host was gathered round,
By hope or fear in silence bound.
“Why will ye murmur ? Has the ear
Grown heavy that was wont to hear ;
Or shortened is the mighty hand,

That brought you from oppression's land ?
That manna o'er the desert spread,
And streams of living waters shed ?
Why tempt the Lord ? Lift up your eyes !
The self-same hand your want supplies :
The bounty of his grace receive—
Behold ! ye rebels, and believe ;
Behold !” and fell with jarring shock,
Th' uplifted rod upon the rock ;
And inwardly was heard the rush
Of prisoned waves, in gurgling gush,
Impatient to escape their bound,
And wander free, the plains around.

With pleasure tingles every ear,
As the refreshing sound they hear ;
And every upraised eye is bright,
And laughing with hope's pure delight.
The rod again descends—the rock
Its portal opens at the shock ;
The stream leaps from its mountain home,
With voice of rage and crest all foam,

And thunders down the precipice
In cataracts, that part and hiss,
And murmur ; and, in shining rills,
Slow winding, sigh among the hills.
As broke the waters forth, amazed,
The eye and voice to heaven some raised ;
Others with folded arms stood dumb,
In speechless gratitude ; while some,
In extacy of rapture, laughed,
As with delirious joy they quaffed
The bubbling streams the fountain poured,
Which fainting man and beast, restored.

Ye wanderers through this wilderness,
Bowed down with sorrow and distress,
Go, when the head is sick—when faint
The heart breathes out its mournful plaint ;
And fevered with earth's cares and strife,
Is panting for the streams of life—
To the great Archetypal fount
Of that which flowed in Horeb's mount,
And in the wilderness of Zin ;
And drink till all is heaven within.

THE PRODIGAL.

And when he came to himself he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger !

I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee :

And am no more worthy to be called thy son ; make me as one of thy hired servants.

And he arose and came to his father. But when he was a great way off, his father saw him and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him.

LUKE xv., 17, 18, 19, 20.

THE noontide air was sultry, and the sun
Poured down in flame his burning vertical rays,
The flowrets hung their fainting heads, and shrubs
Drooped 'neath his radiance ; and each withered
bough ;—

And birds, beasts, insects—every living thing
Sought shelter from the fierce meridian heat.

The Prodigal was weary ; he had toiled
Amid the desert sands, with hunger faint,

And with that feverishness of soul that comes
From deep misfortunes joined with conscious guilt,
Weighing with weariness the spirit down.
Beneath the spreading branches thrown at large,
Oblivion stole upon him ; and in sleep
He wandered to his far, far distant home,
Dear to his heart by twice ten thousand ties.

There is a magic in the name of home
Felt in the spirit's yearning : man may roam
Careering on his wild and thoughtless way,
Like the mad, untamed comet from the sun ;
Yet, in his wanderings, is still within
Th' attractive influence of that sunny spot.
The Prodigal awoke, and thoughts of home
Swelled his full breast ; and penitential tears,
As sudden waters from the desert rock,
Flowed from his flinty, sorrow-smitten heart
Adown his pale, and famine-blanchéd cheeks ;
And in his soul impartial conscience held
The mirror of reflection, and displayed
His guilt and folly, to repentance true ;

And godly sorrow and impressions pure,
And holy resolution nerved his frame—
And he exclaimed, “I will arise and go
Unto my father, and my guilt confess.”

The sun was verging to the distant west,
Flinging his golden radiance on the mounts
That girded, as with emerald zones, the plains
Of his own happy regions ; and he longed
For speed like his that he might soar away,
As if on wings of eagles, and behold
His father’s house—his long forgotten home.
His feet were sandalled, and his loosened loins
Girded for journeying, and in his hand
A pilgrim’s staff, and in his bosom thoughts
And yearning aspirations, that had nerved
With vigour every fibre of his frame.

Onward he journeyed, with unfaltering step
Beneath the silent canopy of night
With famine faint, and sleepless, though the stars
Were tired with watching, and the wearied light

Semed to lie down upon the mountain's couch—
Onward, still onward sped he, night and day,
With pace unslackened and unwearied feet.

Day broke in beauty on the rosy earth ;
Upon the purple clouds the yellow hair
Of Phœbus floated, like a web of gold
The mountain tops like smoking altars sent
Their cloudy incense to the smiling heaven,
And slow revealing through the silver mist,
Their sparkling plain of waters, creek and rill
Rolled on their way trilling a song of glee :
The variegated carpeting of earth
Glowed with the embroidered flowers of nature's loom,
The velvet foliage of the trees and shrubs
Was studded with the dewy gems of morn,
The flowrets bowed their purple coronets,
And from the thousand throats of gay plumed birds
Arose the woodland anthem on the air ;
All nature seemed rejoicing in new life,
As if conspiring to his ancient home
To bid him welcome.

On a little mount
He stood, and down a sloping vale beheld
His father's halls that rose in pillared pride,
High in the sunlight.

The rill whose purlings had amused his youth,
The copse, the glade, and ancient-looking trees,
The scenes of childish sport were still the same ;
And with familiar, and with smiling face
Greeted his coming. Now the dread of change
Stole o'er the Prodigal—his father's house !
Had sickness and decay wrought changes there ?
Would a kind father's voice and mother's tears,
In nature's speechless eloquence, receive
Their guilty, wandering, and unworthy child ?
Or would they coldly scrutinize his form,
The wreck of dissipation, and his rags,
The tatters of his wretchedness and shame ?
Did they yet live, or had their hoary hairs
Gone down with weight of sorrow to the grave,
For the low fall of their unhappy son ?
Oppressed with thought, he carefully composed

The shredded garments on his shrivelled form,
And as he went, moistened each step with tears.

Far off a venerable man appeared,
With locks and beard of snow, sweeping his bust ;
And in his step and mien, the Prodigal
His father recognised ; and hastening bowed
Him prostrate in humility of soul,
And deep abasement, while he kissed his feet,
And craved a place of service in the hall,
That gave him being, once his happy home.

Silent and solemn all the father stood,
No pardon spake, no word of joy or love ;
Yet from his aged eyes, the gushing tears
Fell on the trembling hands that clasped his knees ;
And ever and anon, a heavy sob
Convulsed his bosom ; and as nature gave
Strength to his joy-stunned intellect, he raised
The suppliant wanderer, and to his breast
Strained him in all the fervency of love,
Mingled with pity,—to his errors gave

A free and willing pardon, and restored
The mourner to his home and all the joys
Of peace and innocence, that chase the clouds
Of godly sorrow, and repentance dark,
And pour bright sunshine on the smiling soul.



THE RESURRECTION.

And behold there was a great earthquake; for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.

His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow.
And for fear of him the keepers did shake and became as dead men.

MATTHEW XXVIII., 2, 3, 4.

THE scourge—the platted thorns—the nails—the wood—

Had done the work of death; and he who, then,
For our iniquities was bruised, and bare
The burden of our sorrows, with a voice
That rent the mountains and the solid rocks,
Cried, “It is finished,” as he poured his blood
In rich libations for the soul of man.

Night’s ebon banner floated o’er the world,
Nor moon nor star beamed through the sable robes
Of woe, that shrouded up the mourning sky,
And silence brooded o’er the sickly scene.

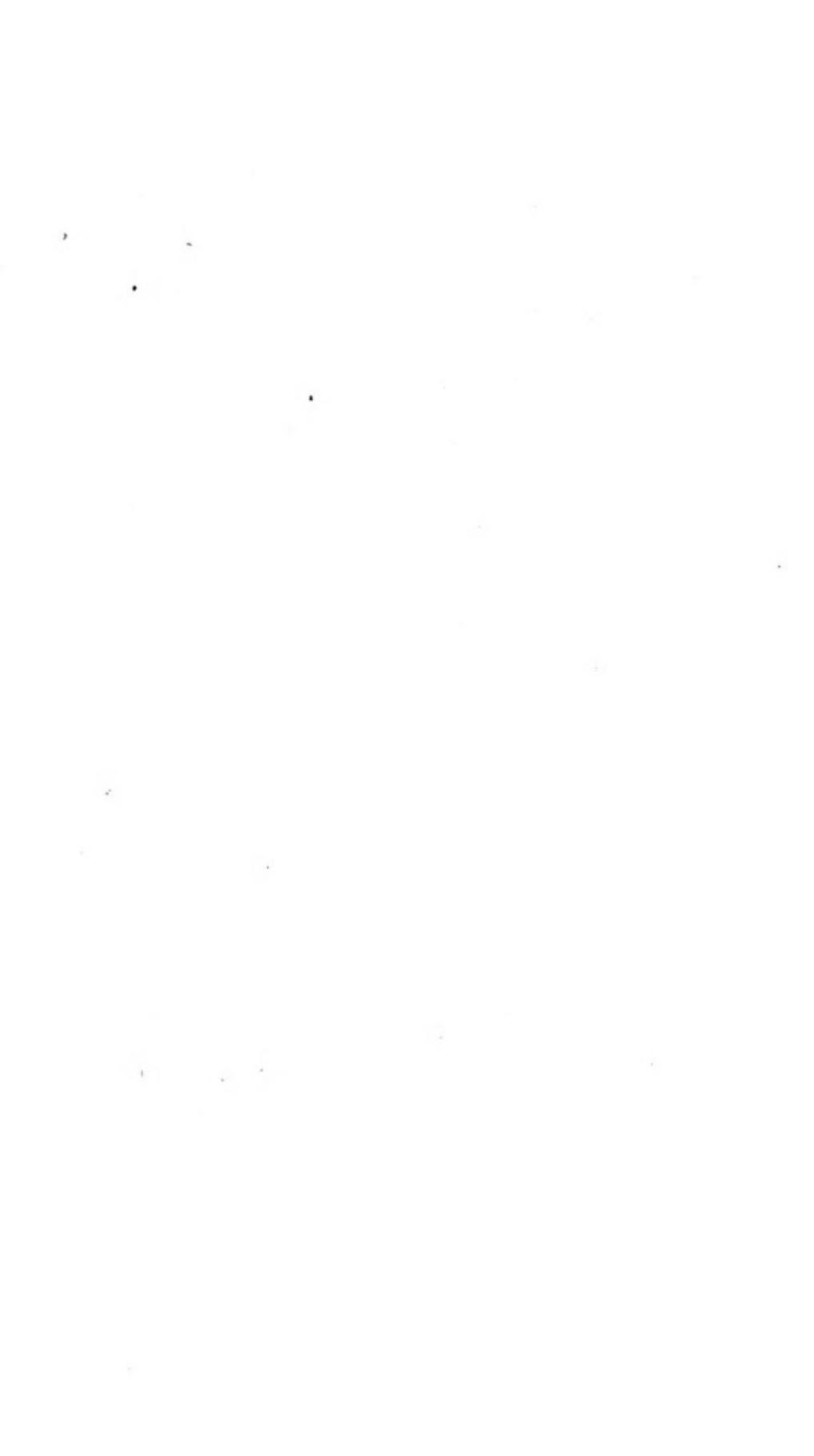
A martial band reclined upon their spears,
In mute assemblage round the Saviour's tomb.
With watching they were wearied, and soft sleep
began

To steal with drowsy weight upon their eyes ;
When two long trails, like fiery comets, streamed
Athwart the darkness of the starless sky,
And a quick sound like rushing wings was heard,
Stirring the stillness of the sluggish air.

Near and more near blazed the resplendent orbs,
While chilling fear drove back the hurried blood,
In icy chillness to their throbbing breasts,
Till heaven's full glory burst upon their sight,
And flashed in fire, reflected from their spears,
And wings angelic waving o'er their heads,
Two cherubs, bright in heaven's effulgent rays,
Descended, furled up their pinions bright,
And stood beside the tomb of Zion's king.
They touched the ponderous stone that closed the
tomb ;
Backward it rolled obedient to the touch,
And gave to life the prisoner of death.

From out the gloomy portal of the grave,
Arrayed in his sepulchral robes of white,
Triumphant came th' Almighty King, who led
Captive captivity. His countenance
Was mild as when he smiles upon the storm,
And the wild rage of warring heaven serenes.
The eye of him that pierced him quailed ; the knees
Of the stout soldiers, each the other smote,
And like men dead, upon the ground they fell.
Loud, through his hollow caverns, murmured Death ;
Dire wailings filled th' infernal regions wide ;
While with triumphant hallelujahs rung
The joyous courts of high empyrean heaven.







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CREATION.

And God said, Let there be light, and there was light.

GENESIS 1., 3.

ETERNITY's predestined moment came,
When countless ages, now, had ta'en their flight,
To break the fetters of chaotic night,
And bid the shining universe proclaim,
The power and glory of Jehovah's name :
Then earth and heaven rose at his word of might,
But dark and lustreless : "Let there be light!"
The Almighty said, and lo ! the living flame,
That, wrapped in chaos' sable mantle, lay,
From out the darkened depths, all-glorious sprang,
The lightning's blaze—the comet's milder ray,—
The moon, the night—the sun to rule the day ;
And all the morning stars together sang,
Till heaven's high dome with the full chorus rang.

SENNACHERIB.

And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred four score and five thousand ; and when they arose early in the morning, behold they were all corpses.

So Sennacherib king of Assyria departed, and went and returned and dwelt at Nineveh.

And it came to pass, as he was worshipping in the house of Nisroch his god, that Adrammelech and Sharezer, his sons, smote him with the sword, and they escaped into the land of Arminia.

2 KINGS, xix., 33, 35, 37.

ON Kishon's ancient water gleams
The full-orbed moon, like silver bright ;
The reedy shores beneath her beams,
Are clothed in robes of living light,
And the white tents, in long array,
That dot its banks, clear, and half hid
Amid the trees that skirt the bay,
Flash like a silver pyramid ;
And brazen chariots armed for war,
Are ranged around the spacious field,
And silver spear and burnished shield

Send their bright radiance from afar,
While high above the banner spreads
Its guardian wings above their heads.

They sleep—Assyria's warlike pride,
Their dreams upon the coming dawn,
When their proud king shall lead them on
To death and devastation wide ;
When the tall cedar trees, that gem,
Like emeralds, the diadem
Of hoary Carmel, all shall bow
Their towering heads beneath the stroke,
And Lebanon's tall fir and oak,
Their branching honours laid full low—
A highway open for the roar
Of brazen chariots fiercely driven,
Where late the grove its ringlets hoar,
Waved proudly to the winds of heaven ;
A highway, where the Assyrian band,
Its myriads may roll, like sand
Innumerable, to surround
Jerusalem's high citadel,

With mining ditch and hostile mound,
To lay its walls low with the ground,
And leave a smouldering pile to tell
Where priests the sacred pavements trod—
How, 'neath th' invader's engine fell,
The city of the living God.

* * * * *

'Twas midnight—all still and serene—
No sound o'er all the battle plain—
The winds, as if held by a chain,
Stirred not the wild-wood's foliage green ;
And the meridian moon that rode
In her celestial pathway high,
With the pale clouds that round her flowed
Like drapery, veiled her fearful eye ;
'Twas still, like nature, held her breath,
To look upon a work of death.
And silent all, an angel stood—
An angel by th' Almighty sent,
For daring guilt's high punishment ;

The avenger of a nation's blood,
And poured upon the midnight blast,
Destruction, as it slowly past.
Above the thousands slumbering there,
In vengeance swept the poisoned air,
Each particle replete with death—
The groan, the gathering of the breath,
The ashy lip and pale face tell
That death has sped his errand well ;
The vital currents languid flowed,
And where the healthful crimson glowed,
The bounding life-tide stilly stood,
A putrid lake of stagnant blood ;
And then the deep, deep sleep came on,
The night for which there was no dawn.

And morning broke ; and on the air
Arose the trumpet's matin sound,
In piercing notes, loud, shrill and clear,
Yet few the eyes that wake around.
Extended lifeless on the ground,
The pride of all Assyria lay,

Their corpses blackening in the air,
Beneath the glaring eye of day.

Fear fell on all ; from man to man,
A cold, electric shiver ran,
Withering the sense and aching sight,
As their dilating pupils grew,
At the dread slaughter of the night,
By hands unseen to mortal view,
Made in omnipotence of night.
And Sennacherib stood amazed,
Amidst the heaps of ghastly dead ;
And horror and dismay, and dread
Stole o'er him as he wildly gazed.
To him the field of death had been,
With millions slain, strewed far and wide,
A common and a tranquil scene,
Viewed with complacence and with pride—
He had seen embattled legions rush
To the wild conflict ; and the blood
From sword and spear, in currents gush,
And had his warlike chariot driven

Through the firm phalanx, broke and riven
By flaming quadrupeds, that trode
Beneath their iron hoofs, the souls
Of thousands, as his chariot rolls—
Had seen the battle plain with dead
And dying strewed—the trunk, the head
And shattered limbs,—the arms, the feet,
Mangled and crushed, with carnage red,
Like some vast grove, the shady seat
Of royal cedar, mountain oak,
By the red lightning's scathing stroke,
With giant limbs and trunks strewn o'er;
Or by the wild tornado riven,
Whose furious breath outswells the roar
Of the four warring winds of heaven:
Yet what were fields of slaughtered dead,
And blood by men in combat shed,
To the thick ranks that pressed the ground,
Slain by th' Almighty's furious breath,
Unstained by blood, unmarked by wound,
And blackening in the hues of death?

He looked on Salem, where the sun
Shed down the glory of his fires
Upon the holy city's spires
And hung upon the eastern sky,
O'er the great temple, like the eye
Watchful, of the Eternal One :

He looked upon the dead, that lay
Around him, withering on the heath—
And the deep curse he durst not breathe,
Muttered in heart against the God
Of Judah, who had blocked his way,
With thousands blasted at his nod.

* * * * *

Within the idol Nisroch's fane,
In honour of that heathen god,
Arose the sacred sackbut's strain ;
And incense in thick volumes rolled,
Up to the roof of burnished gold,
As royal Sennacherib trod
The porphyry pavement, to the shrine
Where gems and jewels gorgeous shine—

And at the sacred footstool bowed,
In low obeisance down, and prayed
To Nisroch, as he cursed the God
Of Judah, and in anger laid
His sword upon the shrine, and vowed
Vengeance against the Jewish crowd.

Light sandals slid the pavement o'er,
Unheard by him who lowly bent,
Breathing, like pestilence, curse and prayer
Before the smoking altar there ;
And two dark forms, whose faces bore
The impress of their dark intent,
A moment by the monarch stood :
Anon the silver ataghan,
Flashed from its sheath in radiance bright ;
Like lightning fell the stroke ; and blood
Spouted and o'er the altar ran,
Quenching, in crimson shower, its light.

The royal Sennacherib lay,
By parricidal hands struck down,
o*

Upon the tessellated floor,
With death-glazed eyes, weltering in gore—
His glittering, though blood-stained crown
Destined, a curse, to shine upon
The brow of murderer and son.

ADORATION OF THE WISE MEN.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, behold there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem. Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

MATTHEW II., 1, 2.

FROM airy mount—from pyramid,
To gaze on midnight skies,
When sleep, with rosy hand, the lid
Had sealed of other eyes—
Theirs was the task, and well they knew
Each orb that gemmed night's throne of blue.

But now a star of brighter sheen
Illumed the orient o'er,
Than eye of *magus* e'er had seen,
With all his ancient lore—
And mocked, with its mysterious light,
The star-read chroniclers of night.

It streamed not wildly through the air,
A meteor from afar ;
It shook not from its lurid hair
The light of plague and war ;
But mildly, brightly beamed above,
The morning-star of peace and love.

They gird their loins, and on their feet
The pilgrim's sandals bind ;
And tempt the desert sand and heat,
The royal babe to find :
And worship then, with one accord,
The King—appointed of the Lord.

O'er many an arid waste they passed,
And many a verdant plain ;
But on the starry herald cast
The brightness of its train
O'er swelling stream—o'er storied fount—
O'er ancient tower, and sacred mount.

Till o'er Judea's hills it stood,
A silent sentinel ;

And on the grove and flashing flood
Its sacred watchlight fell.

The *magi* gazed ; and awe intense,
And wonder, wrapt the soul and sense.

No hoary tower was standing by ;
No golden-cinctured dome,
In pillared pride, aspired on high,
A prince's royal home—
No lordly pile, that wealth and fame
Had deigned to honour with their name.

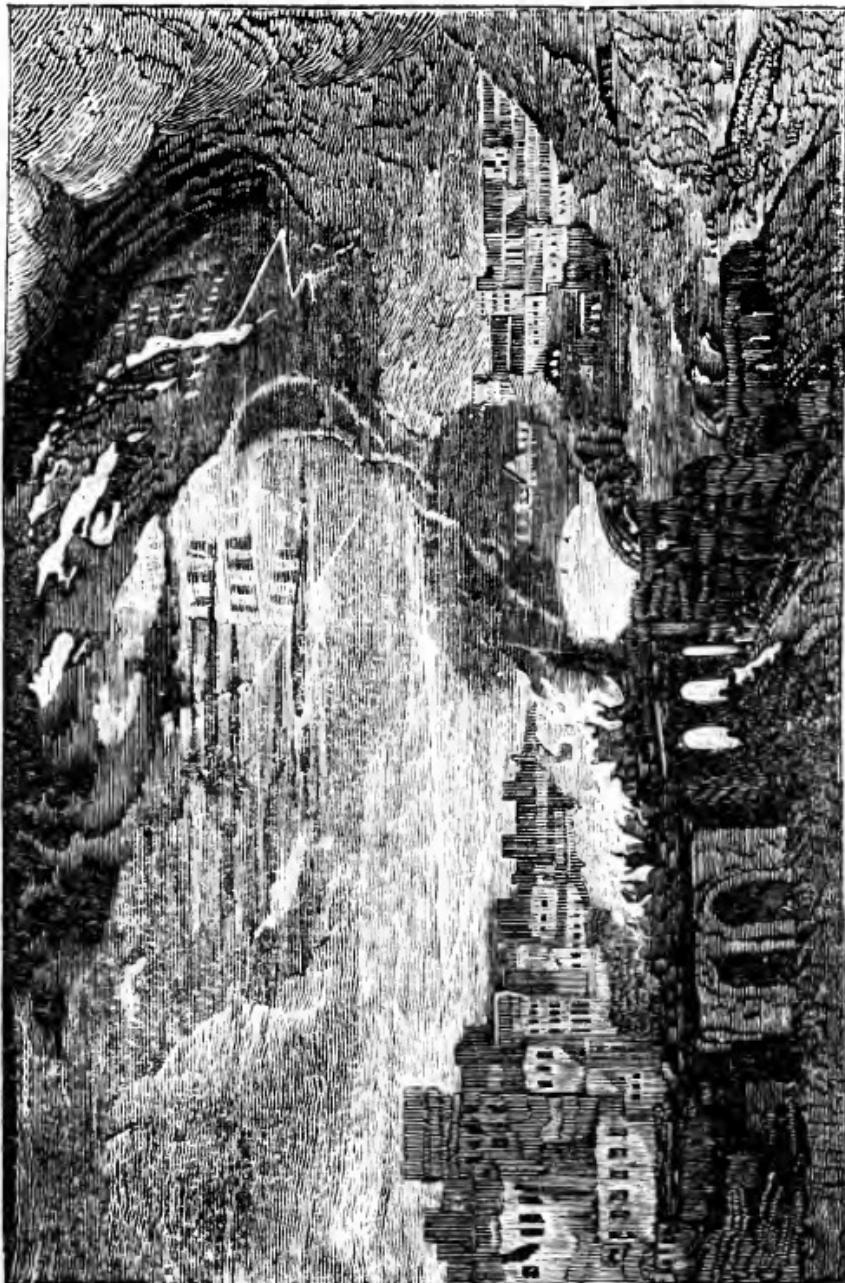
The infant King of Kings they found—
His palace was a stall ;
His mother all the court around—
The hay his royal pall :
His sceptre, straw—his diadem,
The star that shone o'er Bethlehem.

Clothed in his own humility,
There lay the promised light,
“ That kings and priests desired to see,
Yet died without the sight.”

The brightness of the FATHER's grace,
And image of his glorious face.

And from their treasury they poured
Myrrh, frankincense and gold ;
And as the willing knee adored,
That gift of price untold—
Made to the king in humble guise,
The reverent bosom's sacrifice.

The humble king—Creation's heir—
Whose everlasting throne,
In heaven—in hell—in earth—in air—
The universe shall own,
When empires fall—when sceptres rust—
And kings and diadems are dust.



THE TOWER OF BABEL.

THE TOWER OF BABEL.

And they said, Go to, let us build us a city, and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven ; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the earth.

And the Lord said, Behold, the people is one ; and they have all one language ; and this they begin to do ; and now nothing will be restrained from them which they have imagined to do.

Go to, let us go down and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech.

GENESIS IV., 6, 7.

WHEN judgments thicken, from the hand of God,
And desolation's blast of fury blows,
Man, like a bulrush, boweth down his head
Beneath the tempest, and, with humble voice,
Confesses the supremacy of heaven :
But when the hand of mercy strews his path
With blessings, and around him all is peace,
He lifteth up the haughty head of pride—
With voice presumptuous, asks, Who is the Lord ?
And takes the holy name of God in vain.

Remembrance of the goodness of the Lord,
Which, from the devastation of the flood,
Preserved their fathers, and his sacred pledge,

Were blotted from their memories ; and, in pride
Of heart and self-sufficiency of power,
They boasted, " Let us build a city up,
And tower whose lofty top may reach to heaven,
That, when a deluge shall o'erspread the earth,
We may, amid its billowy terrors, laugh.

They toiled ; and high above the clouds went up
The work of pride and folly, till the sun
Turned, first, his eye upon it when he rose,
And paused to ponder on it ere he set :
But God went down in anger, mid thick clouds
And lightnings ; and the thunder-stricken pile
Rocked to its mighty base ; while all around
Fear fell upon the crowds, as, to and fro,
They hurried in despair ; and uttered cries,
Strange cries of terror ; and astonished heard
The altered speech of their companions' tongues ;
But wondered rather at the sudden change
Their own had undergone, as barbarous tones
Jarred harshly in their bosoms ; and their lips
Were trembling with the utterance of strange sounds.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

THE morning sun,
In splendour bright,
Gilt Salem's towers
With living light;
And streaked the fair ethereal blue
With tints of gold and purple hue;
Earth bloomed in loveliness and grace,
And robed in smiles was Nature's face;
But soon the fading sun grows pale,
Quenched are his beams o'er tower and vale.

The quaking earth
Is sunder rent —
The rocky hills —
The battlement ;—
The bursting tombs
Disclose their dead;
The saints forsake
Their earthly bed;
And midnight gloom
Veils earth and skies,
For, “Lo! the God
Of Nature dies !”

THE HEAVY-LADEN.

When I looked for good, then evil came upon me ; and when I watched for light, there came darkness.

Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then I would flee away and be at rest.

PSALM LV., 3, 6.

I saw her when a sunny-hearted child,
Her step elastic as the mountain roe ;
Her eyes like the gazelle's, piercing and wild ;
Her voice's flow,
Like the sweet gush of music, soft and mild.

Her tresses waved above an ivory brow
In darksome beauty, like a raven's wing,
Folded upon a ridge of virgin snow ;
The rose in spring
Was not so crimson as her cheeks' pure glow.

I saw her in her maiden prime ; the girl
Merged in the matron, when each beauty shone

Pure and resplendent as the snowy pearl
That gems the zone
Of southern Peri, 'neath the billowy whirl.

Her heart was like a crystal fount, whence came
The streams of feeling and affection pure—
Her mind a sun, whose flashings were as flame,
Too bright t' endure ;
And shed a halo round her matchless name.

I saw her on her bridal morn—the rose
Upon her dimpled cheek ; and on her brow
Hope's signet set, a talisman to woes—
Her nuptial vow
A rainbow tint o'er all her beauties throws.

Bright grew her eyes, as to her spouse she spoke,
And shed a radiance o'er her features fair ;
And as the utterance from her full heart broke,
It told, how there,
The gushing feelings of affection woke.

I saw her sallow cheek with hectic flushed ;
The brilliance of her eye was quenched and gone ;

The mellow voice that once, like music gushed,
Had lost its tone—
Her tender heart was by th' intemperate crushed.

Her hopes were blighted ; he who was her all,
Revelling in vice, in harlotry, and wine,
Cast o'er life's prospects all, a gloomy pall—
Bowed to their shrine,
And poured for her the wormwood and the gall.

I saw her when upon her forehead fair,
The death-damps gathered, and the icy chill ;
No soothing spouse with kindly voice was there,
Her fears to still—
Her crushed heart broke. Where is her spirit ? where ?

I saw the broken-hearted in her shroud,
Coffined and borne to tenant the cold ground ;
While he, with blood-shot eyes and aspect proud,
Stared careless round—
The only tearless eyes I saw among the crowd.

DECAY.

As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up ;
So man lieth down and riseth not ; till the heavens be no more they
shall not awake nor be raised out of sleep.

And surely the mountain falling cometh to nought, and the rock is re-
moved out of his place.

The waters wear the stones ; thou washest away the things which
grow out of the dust of the earth ; and thou destroyest the hope of man.
JOB XIX., 11, 19, 20.

TIME's tireless current ever bears along
The bright, the beautiful, the gay, the strong ;
Till broken on Oblivion's livid shore,
Their glories vanish and are seen no more.
Decay has stamped indelibly her name,
On every thing through nature's general frame ;
And, in time's lapse, to vast creation's throne
Shall vindicate her right, and claim her own ;
And wave her dusky banner wide unfurled,
O'er the gray atoms of a crumbled world.

P*

Then mourn not, MAN ! that 'neath th' eternal sun,
Thy race, thy destiny, shall soon be run,
And thou, no more amid the mantling flush
Of blooming nature—or her music's gush—
Or in her solemn solitudes, be found ;
But, “dust to dust,” be mingled with the ground.
Thine is the fate of each created thing—
Transient and perishable. Lo ! the spring,
That waves o'er field and velvet mead, her wand,
And scatters flowers and fragrance o'er the land,
Is evanescent ; and her leaves, that gem
The forest with an emerald diadem,
Sapless and faded, by the winds of heaven,
To moulder with the kindred earth, are driven.
The tinted petals of the vernal flowers,
That deck with chrysolite the sunny bowers,
Or grassy sward or forest-cinctured dells,
With the rich lustre of their silken bells—
The reddening fruit that like the sapphire gleams,
Or on the bough, in golden globules, beams,
Languish and wither, and their charms decayed,
Are in earth's common cemetery laid.

And all the insect tribe, whose glossy wings
Of gold and azure, sport in flutterings
Amid the sunshine or the balmy breeze,
Or flowery arbours of embowering trees—
Like the untimely flowers—are swept away,
Round which they wanton in the sunny ray.
Nor insects only,—all that wing the plain—
From the vain jay, spreading 'mid flowers his train,
To the strong-pinioned eagle, that, sublime,
Soars through the regions of th' ethereal clime,
And bathes his buoyant bosom in the rays
Of the red sun, and gazes on his blaze—
And the innumerable bestial train,
That range the field or forest's wide domain :
The strong-lunged lion, whose tremendous roar
Outswells the dash of ocean on his shore—
The giant elephant, whose mighty tread
Shakes the firm earth like thunders overhead,
Whose massy trunk whole forests hurls to heaven,
Uprooted, writhed, as if by whirlwinds driven ;
And the leviathan of fearful mass,
With skin of iron and with bones of brass,

Dread prince of all that dwell in ocean's caves,
Spouting in cataracts her troubled waves ;—
Shorn of their strength and glory by decay,
Are decompounded and return to clay.

Nor these alone fate's dust and darkness share :
The mighty of the earth—heroes, who bear
The banner stiffened with life's crimson flood,
O'er devastated realms and seas of blood,
And with th' ensanguined sabre write their name,
High on the imperishable scroll of fame :
And purple kings, upon whose awful brows
The glittering coronet of empire glows—
Who, o'er wide realms the ruling sceptre sway,
And bid the nations tremble and obey—
And patriot statesmen, men of mighty mind,
Who, to no sordid policy confined,
Exert their giant efforts in the cause
Of equal rights, and liberties and laws—
These, too, shall perish—All the patriot band,
Who framed the freedom of our native land,
And on the ruined base of tyranny,

A glorious temple reared to liberty—
Are now no more!—The land that gave them birth
Is rendered holy by their sacred earth.
And they, on whom their sacred mantles fall,
Who now, amid the legislative hall,
Still keep in all their fervency, the fires
That warmed the bosoms of their patriot sires—
Must leave to other hands their mighty trust,
And bow their heads full-honoured to the dust.

All works of art tend to oblivion lone,
Tower, palace, battlement, and funeral stone—
The apex of the eternal pyramid
Crumbles, and 'neath the rolling sands is hid;
And populous cities:—Where are now the halls,
The marble fanes, within Palmyra's walls?
Strewed with the ground, a monumental pile,
O'er which decay and envious ruin smile.
Where once above the clouds rose purple Tyre,
With gilded dome and battlement and spire,
The sea-waves dash the angry foam and fret,
And sea-worn fishers dry the dripping net—

And centi-portal Thebes, that, like a rock,
Stood war's firm engines and their iron shock—
Fell 'neath the slow yet steady stroke of fate,
Each wall in dust, and battered down each gate.

Where are the splendours of imperial Rome,
Her statues, temples, capitolian dome,
To which the victor, in triumphal car,
Dragged earth's remotest kings taken in war ;
While "Ho triumphe" from the myriad train
Rolled down the Tiber to the purple main.
Where once the palace of the Cæsars' rose,
The newt, the lizard, and the toad repose ;
And the lone owl hoots where the senate rung
With the loud eloquence of Tully's tongue.

Nor cities only sink amid the rush
Of time's eternal torrent,—empires crush,
Totter and tumble into dread decay,
And, robed in dust, forever pass away.
The earth herself shall fail in lapse of time,
Her hills shall crumble, and her mounts sublime ;

The genial juices of her body fail,
Her head grow hoary and her features pale ;
Her decompounded limbs to ashes turn,
And be laid in the macrocosm's urn.

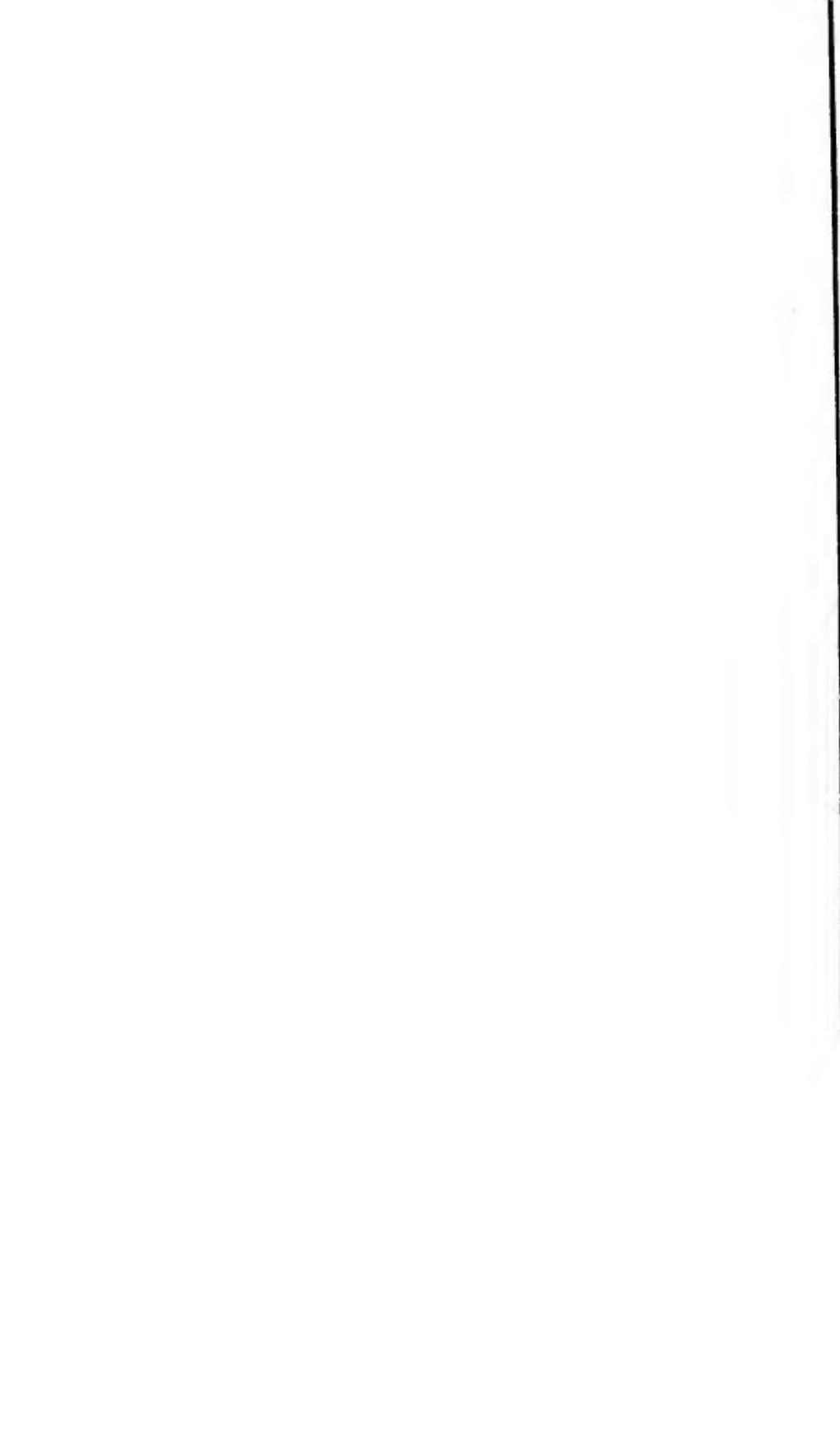
The mother Ocean, too, that ceaseless smiles
Upon the features of her purple isles,
And sings her lullaby to soothe to rest
The offspring pillow'd on her snowy breast—
Must fall beneath time's scythe, and every isle
Be gathered round her dark funereal pile.

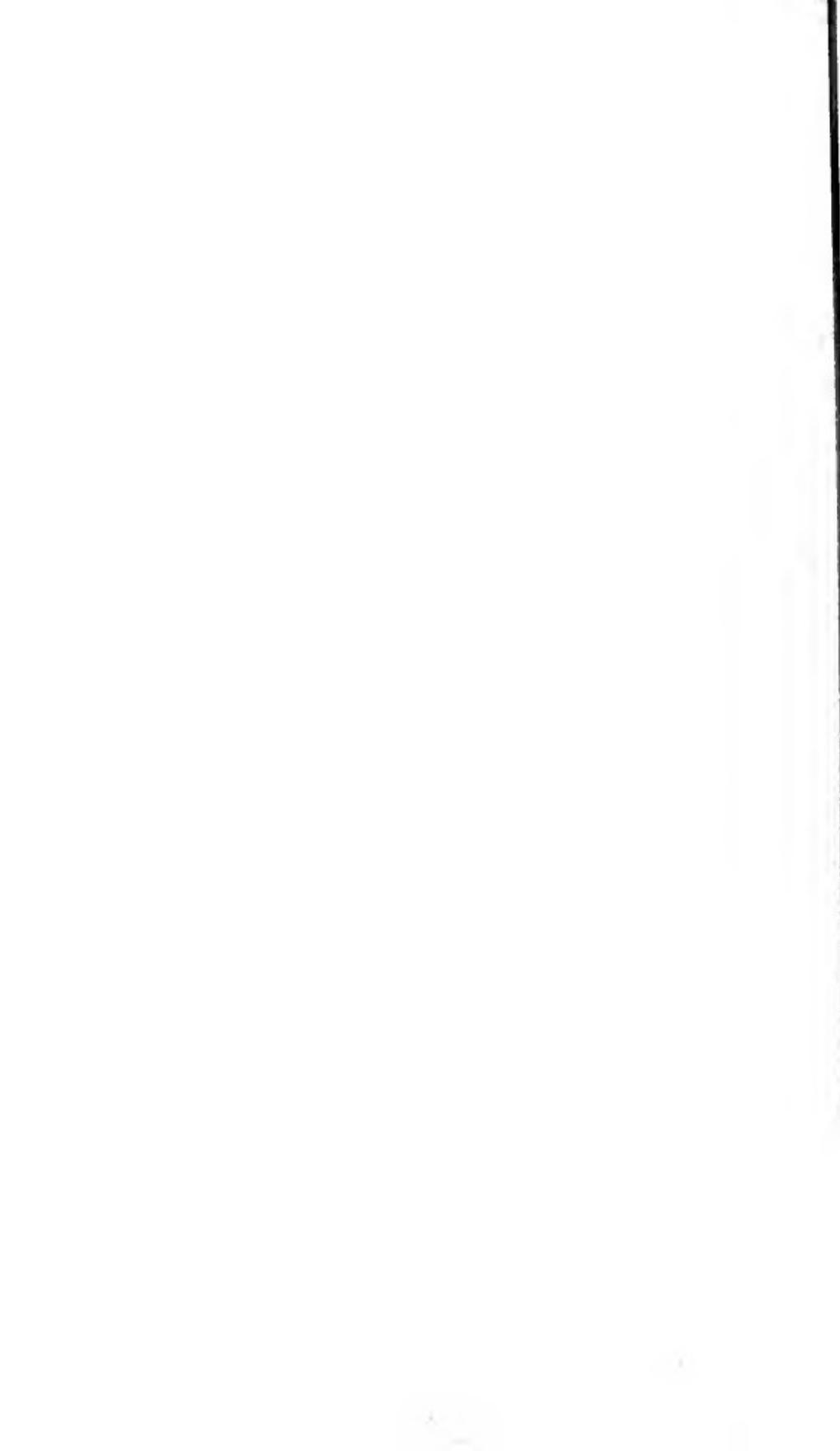
The sun shall fade, the mighty sun, the urn,
Whence pour the beams of all the stars that burn ;
Whose ocean-tide rolls on the waves of light,
To every star that gilds the gloom of night ;
Yea, *he* shall perish, every planet fall,
And shrouded be in darkness ebon pall ;
The adamantine pillars of high heaven
Be, from their everlasting bases, riven—
And dark oblivion wave her flag unfurled,
O'er the gray ruins of a crumbled world.

Then mourn not, MAN, th' inevitable doom,
The dust, the darkness, of the common tomb ;

Let truth gird up thy loins, and virtue's ray
Illume thy footsteps in their downward way
To the dim vale of shades, the spirit land,
Where silent sleep earth's sons, a mighty band:
And when the night of ages rolls away,
Before the bursting beams of endless day,
From out its dusty tenement shall rise,
Thy renovated body to the skies—
And shine in splendour as the golden sun,
When robed in glory on his burning throne;
In deathless bloom forever live and smile,
O'er earth and sun and systems' smouldering pile.







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